TIMBERS FOR THE TEMPLE

By ELBERT A. SMITH

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PREFACE

Memory is the magician that enables us to reconstruct the past. Where memory fails, imagination with the aid of historical records "carries on." This volume by no means represents an effort to write an historical textbook. Imagination, stirred by the romantic records of the past, has endeavored rather to revivify and relive some of the strange events of the past occurring in that most unique city of modern history, Nauvoo.

The story, "Timbers for the Temple," first appeared in *Autumn Leaves* in 1917 and 1918. Since then many inquiries have been received as to the identity of leading characters. David H. Smith served to an extent as model for the character of David Nobleman. Frederick G. Smith likewise helped to suggest the character of John Nobleman. But as a matter of course, the particular events set forth in the book did not actually take place in the lives of either of these men—some of the events as a matter of fact occurring before they were born. Other characters not obviously historical are imaginary.

Born in the city of Nauvoo, in the "Mansion House," close by the Father of Waters, under the shadow of the hill crowned by the ruins of

the temple, the writer has always found a stirring of the pulse at the very mention of the word *Nauvoo;* romance, poetry, adventure, religious fervor, sacrifice, tragedy, melancholia—the faces of all these rise before the mind's eye at the sounding of that word. But hope and faith also appear, leading from the blight and ruin of the past, from the irretrievable collapse of high enterprises, the canker of disappointment, and the cynicism of disillusionment, along a safe and sure road into a future that will materialize all that was sought for and lost by our fathers at Nauvoo. If even one reader shall be fortified in his determination to help build the living temple first, a redeemed people the home and habitation of God, that the temple of wood and stone may not be in vain, the labor of love represented by this book will not be lost.

ELBERT A. SMITH.

INDEPENDENCE, MISSOURI, October 24, 1922.

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Timbers for the Temple

Chapter One

IN THE ROSE GARDEN

THE young artist stepped back from his work with a profound sigh of relief. "Well, it is done," he said. "It is as good as I can make it, but it will hardly bear comparison with the original."

He flung back the long damp locks from his forehead, and inhaled another draught of the sunny June air. The girl who had been sitting on a rustic bench posing for the miniature, leaped to her feet and ran forward to scan the likeness.

"May I see it now?" she cried. "I have posed for days and days, it seems most like forever, and you have never let me look at the painting even once."

She was a slip of a girl, probably seventeen years of age, with blue eyes and yellow hair, and a sweet and winsome face.

"Yes, little sister," the artist replied, "you may see it now. But I fear you will be disappointed."

The girl came to the little table where the artist worked. It was strewn with brushes and paint tubes. And before her lay the object of her curiosity, a miniature in oil on ivory.

She clapped her hands with delight when she saw it, and gayly hopped about in girlish abandon. "Why, it is lovely!" she exclaimed. "Only it is ever and ever so much better looking than I am. David, you will be a great painter sometime —why, you are a great painter now, come to think about it!"

A third person came forward from the shadows of the rose garden where he had been lounging, watching the two. He seemed a little older than either of them. He was tall and strong, with handsome and regular features.

He stood with the easy, confident poise of an athlete. A soft black slouch hat rested upon his head, partly covering the long black locks that he wore in the fashion of the time.

He stood behind his brother David and scanned the miniature, while the girl, having expressed her enthusiasm by an ebullition of exclamations and praises, resumed her seat.

"It is indeed fine work, brother mine," said John Nobleman, when he had scrutinized the

miniature. "Old La Fraunce has taught you well, and they say he learned his art in Paris."

"Yes," replied David, eagerly, "the credit, if there is any, belongs to Monsieur La Fraunce. I am so grieved that he is now dead. If I could only have continued under him—and then I miss him for himself."

"Well, I shall certainly not give Monsieur La Fraunce all the credit. He did well—but with a good pupil. It takes brains to paint such a picture, brains mixed with paints, no matter what the training has been. And it takes artistic genius. I could never paint such a picture—not in a thousand years. An academy of La Fraunce in ten millenniums could not teach me to paint."

"Ho—no, perhaps not to paint," replied David Nobleman, "but think of the things you *can* do. You are so strong and brave and handsome. I can paint, true, but I could not trounce Big Bull Steiner as you did when he terrorized the children at the picnic Saturday. I cannot lie at full length on the ground and spring to my feet without touching hands to the soil. I cannot shoot a running deer, or row a boat all day up stream, or break the hearts of half the girls in ——"

But John Nobleman clapped his broad hand

over his brother's mouth and silenced him. "That is enough on that chord," he said. "You are musician as well as painter, and should not harp all day on one string. I can do a lot of physical exploits, true, but what is that to the pictures you paint, the poems you write, the music you compose, the ——"

But he in turn was silenced. The girl, pretending to pout, said, "Must you two now fall into your usual mutual admiration society of two members while I sit neglected all the day?"

With one accord the two brothers sprang forward, bowing before her, and with assumed courtliness that but partly concealed their real tenderness, they ranged themselves on either side of her and assisted her to her feet and escorted her to the table for another look at the miniature. There the three stood with arms intertwined.

"The painting is fair," conceded the young artist, "but see what God has painted," and he turned and touched his finger gently to the flushed cheek of his foster sister.

But the girl broke gayly from his grasp and ran into the house, laughing. Left to themselves, the two brothers fell to chatting. The out-of-doors studio had been arranged under a broad spreading maple tree, bordered by a rose garden.

The June air was even then fragrant with the perfume of the roses.

Behind them lay the beautiful city of Nauvoo, rising terrace above terrace to the brow of the hill on which stood the foundations of the temple, upon which workmen were even then busy. Before them, as they looked from their garden down the slope to the river, spread the expanse of the Mississippi, sweeping in a splendid, far-flung curve about the city. Across the river they could discern the wooded shores of Iowa.

"It hardly seems possible that so much should have been accomplished in so short a time," John was saying. "Here are brick houses, stores, flower gardens, where so recently there was but a wilderness with a few rude dwellings."

"Yes, truly it is yet a day of miracles," replied David, ever of a reverent turn of mind, "and here faith and works are combined to produce the miracles—and there have been sacrifices, too —living sacrifices. Sometimes I think these very roses are red with the blood of the Saints."

A spasm of pain racked his fine features, and again he tossed back the brown locks from his forehead, ere he continued, "Our own father and mother lie buried here, stricken by that dread fever when first the city was begun. The mortar

in all these houses has been mixed with tears. But so it must be, I presume. Every great and righteous undertaking uprears itself in struggle and in sacrifice. Faith without works is dead. If only we shall now be permitted to remain and complete our work. They say the temple must be built, and that speedily, or the church will come under condemnation."

"That reminds me," replied John Nobleman, looking keenly at his brother, to see how the news might be taken, "the expedition up the river to the Wisconsin pineries to cut timbers for the temple will start in a few weeks."

He paused, and went on slowly, "There will be two boats and about fifty men. I have been asked to take charge of one boat; French LaBarron will assist me."

"Oh, John, are you going?" came the quick query.

"I think that I shall," the brother answered. "Grandfather has given his consent. We have little money to spare nowadays to assist in the temple building; but there is enough for the family to live on, and I can give my time and labor in that way."

A cloud had crossed the brow of the younger brother, but it cleared almost instantly, and he

replied: "We shall miss you very much—as the June day the sunshine. But what a project, to go right into the forest and hew timbers from the great trees; timbers for the temple."

"Yes, by all means go. I too will see what I can do. Possibly I shall get to work on my long-planned painting of the angel's visit, to hang in the temple when it is done. I may even be able to compose a hymn for the choir to sing; who knows? With God all things are possible, I—even I—may do something for the temple, while you tread rivers, wrestle with forests, conquer floods, and bring great timbers for the temple. Timbers for the temple—I could write a book on that theme."

The big brother smiled down at his slighter companion, and said, "Your work will be greater than mine. I may possibly chop down a few pine trees and hew out some rough timbers for skilled workmen to shape and place in the temple. But you will yet complete some fine work of art to adorn her walls."

But the younger brother shrugged his shoulders deprecatingly. "I shall no doubt potter with paints," he answered, "and strum the harp. But now I feel like resting. This last job is

done. Now I can sleep of nights. I have been tossing about half the night for a fortnight, mixing paints and trying to catch the illusive likeness. I have done my best to compass and gird it and bind it upon ivory in oil and now my mind is free for the time being."

The older brother frowned. "You should not get so wrought up," he admonished. "You are too temperamental. Take time to eat and sleep. You will work better and live longer."

"Yes," laughed the other, "no doubt. All good advice. But tell the winds to be still. If I had your stomach and your nerves I could eat three hearty meals every day and sleep soundly all night long."

"I suppose that is true," agreed the other, "but then you would not paint any miniatures or write any verses. I suppose if Milton had slept soundly of nights he would not have lost paradise or regained it. A violin cannot behave like a dinner horn if it would, tooting thrice daily, then reposing, but must needs thrill and vibrate to thousands and tens of thousands of harmonies, and discords as well.

"But take care of your miniature, now it is

quite finished. Put it in a safe place to dry. It is worth a gold mine to me."

David picked it up tenderly. "Whatever its virtues," he averred, "they are there because it is a labor of love. If there are faults, it is because I have not truly portrayed the original."

Chapter Two

THE SHADOW LAND OF MEMORY

Sunday, July 3, 1842: This morning I preached at the grove to about eight thousand people. The subject matter of my discourse was from the Prophet Daniel's saying, that in the last days the God of heaven would set up a kingdom, etc. In the afternoon I heard Brother Hyrum preach at the grove.—Joseph Smith's Diary.

A SABBATH stillness pervaded the air. A stranger walking down the hill from the temple lot in Nauvoo might have noted at his right, just before he turned south towards the river, a great grove of trees. In this grove a stand had been erected and seats were arranged to conform to the natural slope of the hillside.

If indeed groves were God's first temples, here was a temple not less holy than the one then building on the hill. A concourse of people was assembled in this pleasant out-of-door kirk, unbelled and unsteepled, with its dome of blue sky decorated with tracery of green leaves and umber bough.

The sound of a hymn borne along upon many voices issued from this primitive auditorium, and presently the audience, dispersing, came pouring

out towards the highway to scatter in various directions, some towards the hill, some towards the "flat," as it was called.

Among those who took the road towards the river was one young couple, David Nobleman and his foster sister, Mildred. They paused at the turn of the road and David removed his hat and held it in one hand with a gesture of reverence, while with the other hand he pointed to the wonderful panorama before them.

"Look, sister mine," he said. "When I pass this way I always pause at this particular spot by night or by day to look at this scene. Some day I must paint it, when the range of my capabilities justifies me, or the inflation of my egotism betrays me to such an undertaking."

"Isn't it lovely!" agreed the sister, warmly. "No wonder the Prophet Joseph named this city Nauvoo—that means, I believe, the 'beautiful city.' You must paint it—indeed you must—and I am sure that you could. You see we set no limit at all to your capabilities."

"And indeed you need not to do that," laughed her companion. "Nature has set sufficiently rigid limits. But you are well justified in admiring this scene. I have talked with the travelers from far and near. With steamboat captains from

Saint Louis and New Orleans. With French voyageurs from up the river, even from the Saint Lawrence. Yes, with men who have seen Venice —with Monsieur La Fraunce, who knew Paris, the Seine, all France. With old McTag, who lived in the Scotch highlands, and with Callahan, who lived by the lakes of Ireland. All tell me this is the most beautiful spot for a city that they have ever seen in all their wanderings.

"See this noble hill upon which the temple is to stand. See this terraced slope in the foreground, with its homes and farms. In the middle distance see that wonderful expanse of water, in its great semicircle about this out-jutting cape of land. See those forests and rolling wooded hills in the background, clear to the distant horizon. There roam the wild Indians, even to this day— children of incorrigible Laman. What romances and tragedies those forests and this great river have witnessed!"

"Do you truly stop at this point every time you travel this road?" queried the girl, as they pursued their way again.

"Yes, always."

"Then I shall call it 'David's Lookout,' and I too shall always stop here and admire the scene, and so I may grow like you, good and true, and

ever love the beautiful. I want to be your really truly sister."

The boy laughed jubilantly. "You could not be more a sister," he declared, "had we rocked in the same cradle. And as for growing good and true—you embarrass me. Better take note of John; he it is who will deserve the family name of Nobleman." With a characteristic gesture he tossed the brown locks back from his high, white forehead.

They continued their walk until they had reached the Nobleman home. They came in through the back way, pausing in the rose garden.

"How grandfather toiled to make this garden," said the girl, musingly. "He transplanted these rose bushes fully grown and brought them all the way from Quincy, and made this lovely garden, because grandmother so lamented the rose garden that she used to have in far-off Kirtland."

They entered the home and passed through to the veranda that ran along the front of the house. Upon the veranda, in an easy chair, sat an aged woman, apparently asleep. Her hair was white as snow and her face delicate and waxlike.

As they approached, she roused herself and called, "Is that you, William?"

"No, grandmother," answered the girl, "it is not grandfather. It is David and Mildred."

"Sit down, children," the grandmother bade them. "This past year my eyes have failed me more and more. I can no longer distinguish one from another of the family. Is John with you?"

"No," answered David, as he stood by her side and stroked her snowy hair. "John stayed behind to talk with the brethren about some matters."

"What day is this?" queried the aged woman.

"This is Sunday, grandmother."

"Yes, yes. I remember. And the date?"

"It is the third day of July."

"And the year?"

"It is the third day of July, 1842," answered the boy, smiling.

"Yes, yes. It is hard for me to remember the times. One day is like another now. And one year is like another. Where have you been?"

"We have been to the meeting."

"Where do they meet now, children?"

"In the grove, grandmother," replied the girl, who had taken a seat at her side. "You should have seen the people. It was like a great confer-

ence. It was said that there were eight thousand people present; but David thinks there were not so many. But it was wonderful. So many flocking in from every direction."

"Who preached to-day, Mildred?"

"Brother Joseph Smith preached this morning, and Brother Hyrum preaches this afternoon. David and I have agreed to fast to-day, so we will need no dinner, and we will sit here and talk with you, grandmother dear."

"What did Brother Joseph preach about, child?"

"He told us about the sayings of the Prophet Daniel, that in the last days God would set up a kingdom that should never more be thrown down. It was a wonderful sermon. And he looked so good and so grand as he delivered it—with such force and power, and everyone sat so still, as if they were afraid they would miss a single word. And after he had finished they all settled back and relaxed and a great sigh went up from the whole audience. Surely a man not inspired of God, and never taught to preach, could not hold such an audience that way. How can men think that he is a bad man? If he were, it would show in his face. But instead all is frankness, light, and purity."

"But men who hate cannot see," interjected David. "They say that love is blind. But it is hate that is blind. When Paul hated the Christians he was blind; but when he fell in love with Jesus scales fell from his eyes and he saw clearly. Some day I will paint a picture of Love restoring sight to blind Hate—then she will hate no more."

"I have been thinking about the past," mused the grandmother. "There is little else I can do now. Do you mind if I tell you what I have been thinking about?"

The two young people had heard her story again and again. But they assented gravely. They knew that now she lived wholly in the past —the shadow land of memory.

"I have told you," began the grandmother, as one who groped for a beginning to her story, "of our persecution in Independence, Missouri; how the mob came upon us—let me see, it was in July. It must have been nine years ago this month. It seems longer.

"They warned us to leave the country at once. I remember that some of the men begged for time. And they said, Yes, they would give us time; that we might have fifteen minutes. Then they took Bishop Partridge and another man and

tarred and feathered them. And they destroyed the publishing house. I was there the next day when the mob came again, and six of the brethren offered their lives as a ransom, if the mob would leave the rest of us in peace and spare our lives."

"Who were those men?" asked the girl.

"They were Edward Partridge, John Corrill, W. W. Phelps, John Whitmer, A. S. Gilbert, and Isaac Morley."

"They were all noble men," commented David. "Greater love hath no man than this, that he should lay down his life for his friend. Such an offer should have drawn forth a chivalrous recognition."

"But it did not," answered the grandmother. "That was but the beginning of our troubles. We were all driven out. Every one. We suffered much at the hands of the mobbers. For a time we found shelter in Clay County, and later we began to gather into Caldwell County, which had been set aside by the State for our own uses, at Far West and other places.

"But the very worst of our troubles, it seemed to me, came at Haun's Mill. John and David and their father and mother were at Far West at that time. But your Grandfather William, and I, were moving in a covered wagon and we had

stopped for a little while at Haun's Mill to rest our horses and grind some corn.

"Twenty or more families had collected at that place, where there was a mill and a blacksmith's shop. Some were living in rude shacks, some in tents, and some in emigrant wagons. We were like the disciples of old who Paul says were obliged to hide in the caves and dens of the earth. The edict of Governor Boggs had gone forth that we were to be driven from the State or exterminated. The mobs and the militia had merged with one purpose—our murder."

She paused for a moment and seemed lost in reverie, then resumed her narrative, apparently talking to herself more than to her young auditors: "Yet we were happy—yes, you may think it strange, but we were happy. We had our little prayer meetings. And we got the children together in classes and taught them to spell and read.

"I remember it was in the Indian summer—yes, it was in October—October 30. The forest trees under which we had camped were all golden and scarlet—so beautiful. There was a soft haze in the air, and everything seemed so peaceful that we were lulled into a false sense of safety. I was old, even then, to be camping out and to be driven

from place to place. But I was still quite strong and active. It was about four o'clock in the afternoon.

"The sun hung low and red in the lovely Indian summer sky. I had made preparations to cook the evening meal over our camp fire. Men and women were at work in the camp and about the mill. Children were laughing and playing everywhere.

"But suddenly from out the timber to the north and west of us burst three companies of armed men, over two hundred in number. They began immediately to fire upon us. Oh, what a scene of terror followed. I wish that I could forget it! But I cannot!

"Our men ran out and swung their hats and cried for quarter—but there was no mercy. Women and children ran to and fro, screaming and trying to hide in the woods and under the banks of Shoal Creek. Some of our men seized guns and ran into the blacksmith shop, which was of logs, and tried to defend the camp. But the logs were far apart and the building was soon riddled with bullets. Those who were not wounded or dead fled to the woods."

Again the aged narrator paused, seeming to be lost in the dreadful memories of the past.

David and Mildred hoped that she might desist, and they tried to attract her attention to other matters. But her mind was not to be diverted. It seemed that she could not draw away from the terror-haunted memories if she would. She continued:

"The attacking party then ran forward and with corn knives butchered the wounded and mutilated the dead. Little Sardius Smith, a ten-year-old boy, a dear little fellow, had hidden under the bellows in the blacksmith shop. They shot him there as he lay cowering and trembling.

"Brother Thomas McBride, an old Revolutionary soldier, seventy-eight years old, was shot down. He surrendered his gun, and the cruel, cruel men hacked him to pieces with a corn knife.

"After they had finished their work and plundered the camp, the mob fled away, scarcely having taken more than an hour and a half at the dreadful business. I had hidden under the bank of the creek near the mill dam. Mildred was with me. She had become separated from her father and mother.

"When we dared to venture forth again, what an awful change had taken place. The ground was strewn with dead and wounded. Night was falling. Oh, what an awful night! Can eternity

blot out the memory of it! The sun had set and a great blood-red moon had taken its place. A cold gray fog crept up from the stream and lay like a face cloth over the pallid countenances of our dead. There were dreadful sights in the moonlight—oh, there were dreadful sights! And dreadful sounds!

"The dogs of the camp were howling dismally over the still forms of their masters. The cattle had smelled the blood and raved and bawled. Little children were sobbing and moaning and the wounded were crying for help.

"One by one the fugitives crept back to camp, and those who were able to do so began to care for the wounded. We had no surgeons and few medicines. But we did what we could. And by and by, when we had restored order as best we might and had made the sufferers comfortable so far as was possible, the men who were left alive gathered us all together and we passed the night in prayer and singing a dirge—Moroni's lamentation. Was there ever such a night in free America?

"The next day we were in constant terror of the mob—that it might return. Our dead we must dispose of. Nature allows no respite in such matters. We could not dig graves. So we

were obliged to carry them one by one to an old shallow well and drop them in. The dead were at rest—but the living were broken-hearted. We buried seventeen thus, in one common sepulcher —among them the form of the little boy, so small, so pathetic, and the mangled remains of the old veteran of the Revolution.

"I had found my husband among the wounded. He is still lame from the wound. But Mildred's father was dead. And her mother was so overcome that she never recovered. She died some weeks later."

The young people had listened to this dreadful story, too horribly true, with strained faces. They had heard it before, and fain would not have listened again—and yet it seemed to hold them fascinated.

But at the mention of her father and mother Mildred suddenly doubled forward and crumpled down in her chair as though stricken by mortal agony. Hard sobs racked her slight young frame.

"Great God," cried David, sweeping the brown locks back from his brow, "what memories for an old woman to carry to her grave!"

"Yes, and great God, what memories for a girl to carry with her all her life long," said John

Nobleman as he stepped upon the veranda, accompanied by his grandfather.

The old woman had paused in her narrative, and seemed now to recover herself from her abstraction. She reached forth one trembling, wax-like hand and touched the shoulder of the weeping girl.

"What have I done, Mildred?" she queried. "I have broken your heart afresh. How can you ever forgive a poor old woman who lives in the past? It is not right for me to cloud your young life with the memory of wrongs that I have long ago forgiven and that I should forget but cannot. Forgive me, Mildred, if you can."

"Oh, grandmother," sobbed the girl, "forgive you! You, who took me in when I was left homeless, and made me your daughter! You, who gave me these noble brothers! You, who saved me from the awful mob and brought me here to this lovely place! Why, I can never, never repay you in this world!"

"Hush," said the grandmother, laying her right hand upon the golden hair of the girl. "Do not talk so. For now the debt is ours. Since I have become so helpless and blind we all depend upon you. You are now the little housewife, and one among a thousand. What could I do with-

out you? What could these big boys do without you? Who would write grandfather's letters for him if it were not for you?"

Turning her unseeing eyes from the girl, she felt about her with her left hand in the manner of the blind, and inquired, "Has father come yet?"

"Yes, mother," answered William Nobleman, stepping forward to her side and taking the extended hand, "I am here."

He was an old man, with white hair and beard, and he limped because of the old Haun's Mill wound, but his form was still very erect and vigorous. One glance at his countenance revealed the source of David Nobleman's spiritual heritage. There was the same clean pallor of complexion; the same high, white forehead; the dreamy eyes; the fine, sensitive features; the spiritual quality.

Having assured his wife of his presence by voice and touch, he then turned his attention to the weeping girl. Gently stroking her bowed head, he said to her: "Little daughter, do not grieve so. It is true that your mother sleeps in an unmarked grave somewhere in Missouri, and your father reposes in a strange and unnatural sepulcher with others of his brethren; yet they

HAUN'S MILL MASSACRE

"But suddenly from out the timber to the north and west of us burst three companies of armed men, over two hundred in numbers. . . . A scene of terror followed."

died in a good cause. They have suffered no more, rather less than was suffered by the disciples of old. Certainly no more than Jesus suffered for them and for us. And Jesus said: 'Blessed are you when men shall revile you, and hate you, and persecute you, and say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.' "

He paused and looked out over the river. He seemed to see afar off, and a rapt, mystical expression that was characteristic of him at times, came into his eyes. He continued: "Your religion has cost you much, and so it will mean much to you. Therefore you will receive great blessings. You are more fortunate than some of those who do not suffer, neither do they serve. I foresee that in years to come when the name Latter Day Saint may be lightly borne, many young people who bear it will forget its significance, because they find it so easily borne."

The grandmother had not followed the conversation. She had again lapsed into her reverie and once more began her narrative: "That very winter we were driven from the State. I walked across the ice of the Mississippi—yes, I, in my old age. And with me was Mildred. And also there was Emma, the wife of the Prophet, fleeing from the wrath of the mobbers, carrying her child

in her arms, and little Joseph, her son, clinging to her skirts. 'Twas a sad journey."

At a sign from his grandfather, John Nobleman stepped forward. "Grandmother," he said, "the air is growing chilly, even if it is now July. Let me help you into the house."

Thus the painful scene closed. With easy grace he gathered her into his strong arms and carried her into the house and placed her carefully upon a couch. She did not again at that time revert to her interrupted story.

The room into which John Nobleman had carried his grandmother was well furnished. The walls were lined with books, and there were paintings, some of them from David's brush. The books and furnishings had been stored in Kirtland during the Missouri troubles and had been brought to Nauvoo quite recently.

Relieved of his slight burden, John Nobleman straightened his tall, athletic form, and paced about the room restlessly, fiercely. His face was hard and set, his hands clenched.

He burst forth: "It makes my blood boil, when I hear about those fiendish atrocities. It makes me wish that I had been there with a thousand good men, well armed. Oh, to have been there

with a good rifle. Must such things go unavenged?

"Yes," he continued, "and even now there is talk all through the country of more mobs—at Warsaw and at Carthage. Let them come! This time we will defend ourselves, since none will defend us. We will protect our women and our children and our homes. That is why we have the Nauvoo Legion. You have never consented to my joining; but a uniform awaits me tomorrow if you do not feel too badly about it."

The old man regarded his grandson fixedly for a time. Then he replied, "John, no good can come of this preparation among the Saints for armed defense."

The rapt abstracted gaze returned to his eyes. "I see," he went on, "nothing but sorrow piled upon sorrow if it is persisted in. Jesus said, 'My kingdom is not of this world, else would my servants fight.' "

"But grandfather," cried the youth, "the Prophet Joseph is in favor of the Legion."

"I know, I know," answered the old man, "but any man, no matter though he may be inspired in spiritual matters, may make mistakes in some directions. Even the prophets are far from infallible, as history plainly shows. I tell you this

arming is a mistake. So far as it was tried in Missouri it brought us only trouble. Even though we were regularly enrolled as State militia, we were treated as rebels when defending our own homes and farms, our wives and children.

"But what legal objection can there be?" demanded the youth. "The Nauvoo Legion is organized and commissioned under the State of Illinois. It is as regular as any body of troops. Every member is sworn to support the Constitution. We are required to serve in the militia anyway. And you know that Brother Joseph wrote to Governor Thomas Carlin and asked him to advise us what to do in case the mob should come upon us again.

"Well, Brother Joseph has received the reply. I saw it myself, to-day. And he tells us to defend our persons and our rights by force, if necessary. And why not? It is the first law of nature. Even Christ did not say that we should turn the other cheek again and again. At one time he told his servants to buy swords. What for? For toothpicks, think you?"

"I know," replied the old man, "you can make out a perfectly legal and moral case. We are violating no law. All good citizens should support us in that position. But still I affirm—I

know; intuitively—that we shall suffer for it. Our work is spiritual. If for no other reason, I am opposed to this preparation because it will be so futile.

"The world is against us. If the appeal is to arms, they will crush us by force of numbers. We must conquer the world by truth, by love, by humility, by charity, by forgiveness. What if we die undefended and unresisting! Martyr blood is a thousandfold more potential than bullets! You shall see!"

"I cannot agree with you," replied John. "I must depend upon my own judgment. May I, or may I not join the Legion?"

"You are of legal age," replied the old man. "You must take your own course in the matter. If you wish to ride in the parade to-morrow I shall make no further objections. But still I affirm that no good will come from it."

"Possibly not," answered the youth. "And of course it is true that I am soon to go to the Wisconsin forests. But still I feel that I must have my membership in the Legion. I can go on leave."

David and Mildred joined them a little later, and David reverted to the former subject of conversation: "Grandfather, why did the church suf-

fer from persecution in Missouri? Were our people at fault?"

The old man answered thoughtfully, "No doubt our own people must share a part of the blame, in this way: There were some among them who were unwise and did not live up to their profession. And there were some who boasted great things and thus irritated their neighbors. But nothing that they did furnished even an excuse for their treatment. Those were not capital offenses.

"It is the old story of persecution. Jesus said that as he had been persecuted so should his followers be persecuted. That has been the history of the church in all ages. They hated Jesus without a cause; and as he said, the servant is not greater than the Master. Even as he predicted, the time came when those who killed the disciples thought that they were doing God service."

The old man paused a moment, then continued: "There are always contributing causes, differing probably in each instance."

He went to his desk and took out some yellow papers. "I have here a copy of the circular distributed by the Jackson County mob. It says here in one place: 'Pretending as they did and now do to hold personal communion and con-

verse face to face with the most high God; to receive communications and revelations direct from heaven; to heal the sick by laying on of hands; and, in short, to perform all the wonder-working miracles wrought by the inspired apostles and prophets of old.'

"You see to a large extent it was a matter of prejudice against our attitude on revelation, healing, and so on. It was religious bigotry.

"And here is a copy of the resolution adopted by the citizens of Clay County. Notice this one statement in particular:

" 'The religious tenets of this people are so different from the present churches of the age that they always have and always will excite deep prejudices against them in any populous country where they may locate.'

"Then, too," the old man added, "our men were ardent Abolitionists, while we were surrounded by slave sentiment."

David lifted his head proudly. "Well, I am glad that we were on the right side of the question," he declared. "The Book of Doctrine and Covenants says that it is not right that one man should be in bondage to another."

"Yes," replied grandfather, the far-away look returning to his eyes, "and I fear that this coun-

try will yet be purged with suffering and drenched with blood because that true principle is not recognized.

"But here is another statement:

" 'These are some of the reasons why these people have become objects of the deepest hatred and detestation to many of our citizens. They are eastern men, whose manners, habits, customs, and even dialect are essentially different from our own; they are nonslaveholders, and opposed to slavery, which, in this peculiar period when abolition has reared its deformed and haggard visage in our land, is well calculated to excite deep and abiding prejudices in any community where slavery is tolerated and practiced.' "

"I see," said David, "ours was the offense of the 'outlander.' We were guilty of the crime of *being different.* We were *'foreign devils,'* as the Chinese would say. Well, with religious, political, and sectional prejudice against us, no wonder we got into trouble."

"True," replied the grandfather; "but the greatest of these is religious prejudice. Religious bigotry is the blackest root that ever grew up and blossomed and bore the bloody fruit of martyrdom, as it did at Haun's Mill and Far

West. And I greatly fear that another harvest is ripening for us to reap here at Nauvoo."

David Nobleman had listened attentively to his grandfather's conversation, but now he turned to Mildred and said: "Come, little sister, dry your eyes and come with me to the rose garden. The past we cannot help. Let it not rob us of the present and the future. See, here is one big, late-blooming rose, sweet and fragrant as the breath of morning. Let me hold it here by your cheek and coax back the colors that have fled away."

Thus he cajoled the girl and petted her until indeed the color came back to her cheeks and the sparkle to her eyes. And presently her clear laugh rippled forth in response to his quips.

Chapter Three

THE NEW NAME

Monday, July 4, 1842.—The Legion appeared on parade under command of Brigadier-General Wilson Law, ranking officer of the line. . . . Immense numbers of spectators were present, including the passengers of three steamers from neighboring cities and villages. . . . A few Lamanites were present, There was little drinking. Two individuals were fined ten dollars and twenty-five cents for offering whisky for sale.—Joseph Smith's Diary.

THE NEXT morning the Nobleman household was awakened early by the crack of rifles and the sound of cannon that shook the house and rattled the windows. Mrs. Nobleman started up in bed, her sightless eyes staring into space. "The guns, the guns!" she cried. "The mob, the mob!"

But her husband quieted her alarms: "Do not be frightened, mother. This is Independence Day —the Fourth of July. The people are celebrating. The guns are fired by neighbors—friends."

She lay down again, trembling. "I cannot bear the sound of guns," she complained. "I heard too many guns at Haun's Mill."

The young people were soon astir. It was a great day, for these people, though driven and

oppressed, not properly protected by their Government in time of dire need, were yet patriotic, and eagerly celebrated the anniversary of American independence.

As efficient and dutiful as she was sweet and dainty, Mildred prepared the morning meal, and did other necessary housework. John Nobleman went away with some other young men to prepare for the parade of the Legion and to obtain his uniform.

David and Mildred, arrayed for the holiday, strolled about the streets watching the teeming crowds congregate. Attracted by the hoarse blast of steamboat whistles, they hastened down to the water's edge. Up the river they could see heavy clouds of smoke, and soon it became evident that two excursion steamers were racing for the landing.

The race was a close one. The steamers were black with excited passengers. The crowds upon the bank cheered wildly and waved handkerchiefs and flung hats in air. The steamers drew inshore and the winner tied up at the coveted spot, while the other swung in a little farther down stream. The crowds began to pour down the gangplanks. Bands played, flags waved, all was excitement. The arrival of a third excursion boat a few

minutes later still further augmented the crowds and the commotion. If Sunday had been a quiet day of worship, this was to be a noisy day of bubbling patriotism.

Across the great stream, a mile and a half away, long canoes were putting out from the Iowa shore. Mere specks they looked to David and Mildred. But in a very short time they had traversed the expanse of water and came gliding gracefully towards the landing. They were filled with Indians—warriors, squaws, papooses. Some of them were gayly decked in their native costumes, with bright blankets and gaudy headdresses.

The braves dipped their paddles into the shining stream, apparently without effort, yet the boats shot forward in a way that indicated skillfully applied power. These children of the forest and plain, true sons of wayward Laman, came ashore and mingled with the crowds during the entire day. Silent and statuesque they stalked about, apparently interested in nothing, yet seeing everything, and adding a picturesque quality to the gathering.

As they passed David and Mildred, one of the chiefs paused and looked fixedly at them a long time. He was a tall and rugged specimen of

humanity, with typical Indian features of the nobler type—the great Roman nose and high cheek bones of the fighting Indian. They felt that he must be aged, yet could not have drawn that conclusion from his raven hair or virile movements.

"That your squaw?" he inquired, indicating the girl.

"Mine to-day," laughed the young man. "Who can answer for to-morrow?"

"Heap fine squaw," was the guttural comment, apparently with great approval.

He looked again long and hard at the young man. "My name Kis-Kish-Kee," he said. "Brother to Black Hawk."

Drawing something from his belt, he handed it to David. "Take this," he said. "Man from far north give it me many moons ago. Look like you."

The old Indian strode on, and David looked with wonder at the object that had been handed him. It was a hunting knife, with finely carved handle and blade of tempered steel. He turned it over in his hand and read the trade-mark on the blade, an English firm. And then his eye was attracted to a name upon the blade. "D.

Nobleman." The eyes of the two young people opened still wider in blank astonishment.

Soon they were attracted by the sound of martial music from the hill, and hastened to a point of vantage from which to view the parade of the Legion.

"There they come," cried Mildred. "How many there are of them! They say there are twenty-six companies—about two thousand men. It looks as if they were all out to-day."

Crashing music approached them, with an undertone of regular hoof beats. The commanding officers, mounted on horseback, led the way. Then came the bands, and next the cavalry and infantry. It was a fine body of men.

With eager eyes the two watched for John Nobleman. At last he appeared, riding a big black charger, and looking more handsome than ever in his new uniform. He doffed his hat as he spied them, and careless of discipline, Mildred ran at his side for a few paces.

He stooped down and whispered to her, "Where can you meet me at three o'clock?"

"At David's Lookout," she answered.

"Where is that?" he queried, laughing.

"At the bend of the road, below the Temple Lot."

"Oh, I know! I have seen the lad there often enough, dreaming over the landscape. It is a good name for the place."

Long before three o'clock that afternoon the eager girl had taken her place at David's Look-out. She clapped her hands joyfully when John Nobleman came riding down the hill alone on his big black horse.

He drew rein at her side, practicing for her delectation his newly learned salute. He seemed made for the saddle—for the uniform—and with easy grace swung to the ground at her side.

"Up with you, Midget, onto Thunderbolt, and I will walk," he said. "See how light you are," and with hardly an effort he caught her and tossed her to the saddle.

Holding the reins with one hand, and putting the other arm about her, he walked by her side. "Where to?" he queried.

"Where do you wish to go?" she asked.

"Wherever you please," he answered. "Up on the hill—over the hill—down to the river—into the river—anywhere you say."

"Well, then, let us take the road to the river."

So they took their way down the long, long hill towards the great, great river.

As they moved along she took his hat from

his head and ran her fingers through his long, black hair. "John Nobleman," she said to herself, "John, *noble* man."

"Do you think as much of me as brother David does?" she asked aloud. He looked at her oddly, and countered. "Can love be weighed or measured?"

"You have not answered my question, Yankee," she persisted. "One question does not answer another."

He tightened his arm about her almost roughly, but replied in his habitually low, even tones, "I think more of you than I do of any other creature in all this broad land, or in any land beyond the seven seas, or on any ship on any of the seven seas."

The girl laughed joyously, "Why, you and David are of one piece!" she said. "You, too, are a poet. Saul is numbered with the prophets."

He laughed in response. "No, I am not a poet, like David. I could not write a verse or paint a picture, and I could scarcely carry a tune on a platter."

"No, you do not write poems or paint pictures, but you think them, and when you talk, which is none too often, you talk them. But why do you never call me Little Sister, as David does?"

He looked at her oddly again. "This little sister business is bound to play out sometime," he replied, quietly. "It will play out for one, and the other will be obliged to keep it up. If I am the one to keep it up, there will be time enough to begin later."

She looked at him with wide blue eyes, clear and innocent. "I don't know what you are driving at," she affirmed. "But I like to hear David call me Little Sister."

"But I have another name for you."

"Tell me; what is it?" she cried, eagerly.

"No one has ever heard it," he answered; "it is not for public use."

He drew her head down to him, and putting his lips to her ear, whispered a word. She laughed delightedly, and the blood surged to her cheeks.

"Is it a good name?" he asked.

She nodded her head energetically.

"Will you always remember it?"

"Always—forever—truly."

"What did they do on the hill?" she asked, presently.

"Oh, Brother Joseph reviewed the troops and made a speech."

"He did? What did he say?"

"Well, he said that the Legion had been organized to defend the public institutions of the country, and the Flag, and should be a source of strength to the Government on this wild western frontier. He also said that it was designed to protect the Saints in case another mob should come against them and try to destroy them. He declared that we must protect our constitutional right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, and our right to worship God according to the dictates of our own consciences."

"Did anyone else speak?"

"Yes, General Swanzey, of Iowa, spoke. He expressed friendship towards Nauvoo, and complimented us on the discipline of our troops."

"Grandfather does not agree with you in these matters?" queried the girl.

"No, he thinks we ought not to arm to defend ourselves."

"And David?"

"Well, he stands with grandfather on that question. He argues that we cannot defend our cause with guns, but that with the truth one man can whip a thousand. It sounds fine, but I fear it is not practical."

"But David and grandfather would not be *afraid* to fight!" the girl declared.

John laughed. "Afraid? No! They are both Puritan. David would walk up to an armed mob any day if he thought it his duty. And he would probably go smiling and singing. And the funny part of it is the chances are they would let him go through. He never has any rows with the other young fellows. He just goes his high and serene way and takes what he thinks belongs to him, and they make way for him. If you think he has not a masterful spirit behind his gentle ways, you are mistaken.

"And as for grandfather, he does not know what fear is. Yet you never see him angry."

"I did once," replied the girl, laughing at the recollection. "Only the once. And then he was so quiet and controlled that I did not know for a while he was just boiling inside.

"He got a letter from that scoundrel, J. C. Bennett. It had some sort of bribe in it. There were bills inclosed.

"Grandfather told me to get pens and paper and write a letter for him. I asked him if it would be a long letter—if I should need more than one quill. He said, 'No, I think it will be rather short.'

"So I got the paper and ink and pen and sat down, and this is what he dictated:

" '*Mr. J. C. Bennett. Sir;* I am returning herewith, intact, your inclosure, as nearly as possible untouched. I being a gentleman, and my amanuensis being a lady, I cannot tell you what I think of you; but you, being neither, can readily imagine what I would like to say.' "

The two took their way leisurely down to the river front. Thunderbolt wet his feet at the brink and drank from the mighty stream. They loitered there until the crowds came down to the river and the excursion boats put off. Some of these excursionists had come from idle curiosity, some merely to celebrate and have a good time, others, from Warsaw and neighboring hostile towns, to spy out the city of the Saints.

Presently the Indians, too, came from town and filed into their canoes. Old Kis-Kish-Kee paused and looked hard at John Nobleman, and at Mildred mounted on Thunderbolt. "Huh," he grunted, " 'nother man's squaw so soon!"

As they turned, each with a sigh, towards home, John said, "This has been the very happiest day of my life," and looking up at his foster sister he whispered again the name that was known only to the two.

As the family assembled for the evening meal, William Nobleman remarked, "Well, children, it has been an eventful day. But it has been orderly and sober. I am glad that Nauvoo lives up to her good resolutions regarding strong drink."

"Yes," said David; "early in the day two men offered whisky for sale, but they were taken in and fined ten dollars and twenty-five cents. That seemed to dampen the ardor of the rumsellers."

Something occurring to his mind, he sprang up and brought the knife that Kis-Kish-Kee had given him, and placed it in his grandfather's hand.

"Where did you get this?" the elder man inquired.

David told his story of the gift. The old man scrutinized the knife closely. A far-away look came into his eyes. "I had a brother named David Nobleman who looked much like you," he said. "He came to America in an early day —to Canada. He never returned, and we were told that he died somewhere in the West. I have no doubt at all that this is his knife. I remember that he had one something like it.

"How strange that this inanimate thing should

come back to the family in this way, while the owner should have lost himself to all our searching. Many and many the strange story that might be told about the adventurous wanderers who came to this new land and disappeared in the Indian country never to return."

Chapter Four

OFF FOR THE PINE FORESTS

Wednesday, July 6, 1842.—Transacted business in the city, and rode to La Harpe with Emma. Two keel boats, sloop-rigged and laden with provisions and apparatus necessary for the occasion, and manned with fifty of the brethren, started this morning on an expedition to the upper Mississippi, among the pineries, where they can join those already there, and erect mills, saw boards and plank, make shingles, hew timber, and return next spring with rafts, for the Temple of God, and Nauvoo House, to beautify the city of Nauvoo, according to the Prophets.—Joseph Smith's Diary.

THE placid face of the Mississippi was veiled with a silvery fog, from which at times could be heard the shouts of hidden boatmen, and the rattle of oarlocks. Boats of the fishermen drawing inshore, appearing at first sight ghostlike, suddenly materialized, as though newly created from the fog and river chaos.

David, looking at the scene, repeated a verse that had come to him:

"A shout rises up from the face of the river,
For a great white fog has come up from the sea,
And the ships in passing are hailing each other,
As friends might be."

At the foot of Main Street men were busy making last preparations for the departure of the expedition up the river to the Wisconsin forests to cut timber for the temple. John Nobleman was among them, working busily as any, and assisted by his friend, French LaBarron, a French Canadian, skilled in woodcraft and river lore.

There were two keel boats, sloop-rigged, and laden with provisions for the expedition. Camp equipage, saws, axes, bedding, littered the shore. Busy hands were packing this duffel to the boats.

Everything in readiness, the men scattered to their homes, to reassemble at an appointed hour. John Nobleman walked homeward with his brother David. Mildred met them at the door with a sober face. She had prepared a pleasant farewell breakfast, but no one seemed very hungry, and no one was very talkative.

"We may as well not attempt to tell you how we shall miss you," said the grandfather; "it would be too long a story. You would not get started to-day, I fear. But you are going on a noble mission, and a good, clean, healthful one, too."

"I imagine you would much rather I were in the forests than drilling with the Legion," replied John, with a smile. "Well, I have arranged

with a friend to keep Thunderbolt, my uniform is packed away, and I leave nothing in sight to remind you of my connection with the militia."

The meal finished, the young man kissed his aged grandmother good-by, and shook the hand of his grandfather warmly. David prepared to accompany him to the boat. Beckoning Mildred to his side, John Nobleman said: "Will you go to the landing to see us off?"

"No," she replied, with down drooping eyes, "I don't believe that I can bid you good-by before all those men. But I will be at David's Lookout. Watch for me there."

He shook her hand but did not kiss her, and did not whisper the word. A constraint seemed to have fallen upon them. Turning his back resolutely upon them, he walked away with David, carelessly tossing his rifle across his shoulder as he did so. The girl watched him go down the path, swinging along so easily and gracefully.

Then her eyes turned to his brother David, walking at his side, slighter in form, but certainly not less picturesque, as he talked with animation, making an occasional characteristic gesture with his left hand. He turned a moment and blew her a kiss, saying, "Farewell for an hour,

little sister, while I see this gallant pioneer safe aboard his vessel and off upon his adventure."

The morning fog had cleared away and the sun was shining. A great many people had assembled to see them off. Joseph Smith was there to shake the hand of each of the fifty men who were to form the expedition.

Prayer was offered, hymn was sung, and they clambered aboard with shouts and jests. When all were set and fixed they cast off, John Nobleman's boat in the lead. The oars dipped in the water in rhythmic succession. A small sail was run up on each of the boats to claim the help of such winds as blew. John Nobleman waved a farewell to David, who stood bareheaded upon the shore.

"Take care of Mildred," he shouted, and added, "I would give a farm if I had that miniature to take with me."

"Why did you wait so long to ask for it?" cried David after them. But they had passed beyond hearing. And as the boats swung up stream the men began to sing:

> "The morning breaks, the shadows flee;
> Lo! Zion's standard is unfurled!"

As they forged around the great bend of the

river and drew away from the city, John Nobleman looked back and scanned the hillside. But he was not looking at the terraced hill, or the many homes, or the foundations of the temple. He was looking towards David's Lookout. And there he spied a girlish figure and caught the flutter of a white handkerchief.

He stood up in the boat and waved his big black slouch hat, and so standing watched the girl until intervening trees hid her from his view.

When Mildred turned from her vigil, no longer able to discern the two boats, she found David standing silently at her side. They joined hands and walked down the hill together, but neither spoke.

Chapter Five

A LETTER FROM JOHN NOBLEMAN

Thursday, October 13, 1842.—The brethren arrived from Wisconsin with a raft of about 90,000 feet of boards and 24,000 cubic feet of timber for the temple and Nauvoo House.—Joseph Smith's Diary.

THE hot months of summer passed slowly away, and at last October came with cool breezes and the zest of life that returns with the first hints of approaching autumn. A dash of ruddy and golden colors began to creep into the leaves of oak and maple. And David and Mildred, strolling down the hill from the temple, often paused and stood hand in hand contemplating the beauties of the foliage, or loitered at David's Lookout to scan with never-failing enthusiasm and admiration the great shining river below them and the encircling forests and plains.

It had become with them almost a religious observation to visit this spot at least once each day, when the weather was at all favorable. Sometimes indeed they climbed the hill to the Lookout when the weather was most inauspicious, and

standing closely wrapped, in the driving rain, watched the storm roar across the waters whose white billows they saw at times through the swirl.

Or again they would time their visit by the full moon, and standing beneath its effulgent radiance, look out upon a scene too strange and lovely to seem real. 'Twas like an enchanted dream to them. Long they stood in silence, on such an occasion, too awed to speak, until with a little catch in her throat Mildred said, "Let us go home, David." And he replied, "All right, little sister. I feel as Paul did when he looked into the third heaven and saw things not lawful to be uttered."

And so they took their wonder way home while the moon climbed her golden stairs among the stars and at last stood serenely above the newly begun temple on the hill—and river and valley and hill, from the plashy brink of the great stream to the cornerstone of the temple, were flooded with molten glory, yea, and all the blue vault of heaven far-arched above them was filled with pristine glory. It was not hard for them at such times to believe in modern revelation. They could well imagine this to be the city of the Saints and could feel God's presence there in power and might.

At such times David would quote reverently from the Book of Doctrine and Covenants, from a revelation given in 1832 (85: 2, 3, 12):

"This Comforter is the promise which I give unto you of eternal life, even the glory of the celestial kingdom; which glory is that of the church of the Firstborn, even of God, the holiest of all, through Jesus Christ, his Son; he that ascended up on high, as also he descended below all things, in that he comprehended all things, that he might be in all and through all things, the light of truth, which truth shineth. This is the light of Christ. As also he is in the sun, and the light of the sun, and the power thereof by which it was made. As also he is in the moon, and is the light of the moon, and the power thereof by which it was made. As also the light of the stars, and the power thereof by which they were made. And the earth also, and the power thereof, even the earth upon which you stand.

"And the light which now shineth, which giveth you light, is through him who enlighteneth your eyes, which is the same light that quickeneth your understandings; which light proceedeth forth from the presence of God, to fill the immensity of space. The light which is in all things; which giveth life to all things; which

is the law by which all things are governed; even the power of God who sitteth upon his throne, who is in the bosom of eternity, who is in the midst of all things. . . .

"The earth rolls upon her wings; and the sun giveth his light by day, and the moon giveth her light by night; and the stars also giveth their light, as they roll upon their wings, in their glory, in the midst of the power of God. Unto what shall I liken these kingdoms, that ye may understand? Behold, all these are kingdoms and any man who hath seen any or the least of these, hath seen God moving in his majesty and power."

On the thirteenth day of October they were about to take their way homeward from their accustomed tryst at the Lookout, when Mildred stopped with a little cry, and pointing far up the river exclaimed, "See there, David! What is that?"

Looking intently they soon discovered that the thing that had attracted her attention appeared to be a raft. They watched it patiently for some time. At last David ran down the hill to their home and returned breathlessly with a field glass. With its aid they could discern quite plainly the raft, with boats trailing behind, with cooking and sleeping cabins, with men guiding it on its course

and even assisting its progress with long poles. They could perceive signals apparently set to attract the attention of those on shore.

They ran down the hill, joined as they went by others. Passing the Mansion House they arrived at the river front, where a great crowd soon assembled. And in due time the raft made its way inshore. Men put off in boats and soon it was learned that this was a company of the brethren from the party that had gone to the Wisconsin pineries some time prior to the departure of John Nobleman and his companions.

They had brought with them a raft consisting of ninety thousand feet of boards and twenty-four thousand cubic feet of timbers, for the temple and the Nauvoo House; the first fruits of the pineries.

One of those who leaped ashore from the first boat to land, sought out David and Mildred and delivered into their care a letter sealed with John Nobleman's seal, the red wax bearing an impress of a dove with a letter in her beak, and the words, "Reply quickly." The missive was directed in John Nobleman's hand, the letters heavy and strong, without compromise, yet rather graceful and handsome despite their vigor and carelessness.

With this precious missive they sped for home. Nor did David notice Mildred's silence and her heightened color. Quite preoccupied, himself, he thought only to get at the contents of the letter, and knowing that all the family would be equally interested, he sought the home circle.

Having reached the home and apprised the aged grandfather and nearly blind grandmother of their good fortune, he broke the seal and prepared to read the letter. It was headed, "In the pine forests of Wisconsin Territory, on the Black River," and ran on in the characteristically informal manner of personal letters of correspondence:

"*Dear David*: This letter is for all the family, though I address you as the young man of the household, meaning thereby no disregard to Grandfather Nobleman. I take this occasion to write you a few lines, as I can send them down stream by some of the brethren who are taking out a raft of lumber for the temple.

"I have already described our trip in a former letter. I hope that it did not miscarry. I can now only attempt to give you in a rambling way some idea of my manner of life and present condition. I certainly never was in better health or

spirits than now. The hard work and the fresh air combined seem to be the best physicians a man might employ, and their prescriptions are much relished, not at all like those strange mixtures that are put up at the apothecary's shop, that smell so abominably and taste so much worse than they smell, and I suspect, have a worse effect even than one might judge from their smell and taste.

"I am writing this in the bunk house by the light of a pine torch. Presently I shall tumble into my bunk, and then I will not waken or scarcely stir until I am called, all too early, to turn out and eat breakfast before the sun rises—and then away into the woods for a hard day's work. If I nod over this letter, forgive me, I am tired. But I will try to keep awake long enough to write at least a few pages.

"There are many interesting scenes to be witnessed here. For instance, last week about fifty canoes laden with Indians came filing up the river. It was rather an inspiring spectacle. They made camp at a little distance below the mills.

"The next day a party of the head men came for a council. They came in six canoes, and were all resplendent in paint and feathers and all kinds of gaudy trappings. As the bright sun shone on

them they appeared as though ornamented with gold and silver—a bright pageant in many colors—'twould have delighted the artist soul of brother David.

"A stranger might have imagined they were come to war, but LaBarron said they were peaceful. He speaks their lingo. They are Winnebagos. They landed and came to the mill and we met with them, and shook hands, and they said, 'How! How!' And truly a great powwow ensued. They smoked their pipes, and afterwards made speeches in turn. Some of the speakers were very dignified and eloquent. When a good point was made the others all shouted, 'Hear! Hear!' Much as some religious white people shout amen, or clap their hands.

"But it is not all romance. After the council we heard a terrible screaming and ran out to see what the trouble was. A squaw was running about crying and an Indian brave stood with his blanket over his head. But as we came out he uncovered his head and spat something out of his mouth. It was his wife's nose. He had bitten it off, as a matter of discipline, as near as I can judge.

"None of the other Indians took the slightest notice of the affair. Evidently they thought he

might very well do as he pleased with his own property—'twas merely a matter of biting his own nose off—a matter of *taste,* as it were.

"I was headed for the rascal when LaBarron stopped me. He said it was poor policy to interfere in little family differences; that I couldn't hope to settle all the Indian domestic troubles in Wisconsin Territory, so better not begin. Besides, he said if I interfered I might have the whole tribe, including the wife, on my back.

"Not a very romantic incident, was it? I hope it does not make Mildred sick to read about it. It must have been two days later that LaBarron broke out snickering to himself. I asked him what the matter was, and he said, 'I wonder, Monsieur John, how she blow de nose now, ha! ha! Maybe she let de wind blow eet.' LaBarron's jokes are not always the most refined in spite of, or perhaps because of, his aristocratic parentage—who can tell?

"Not all the Indians, however, may be judged by the acts of a few ruffians. They are much like white folks in that regard—some are good and some are bad. There is a great diversity of character among them, when one gets enough acquainted to see the differences. Of course at first they all look much alike. Some of them

are honest and temperate and good-natured, while others are quarrelsome and lazy and thieving. But I fear that few of them take much thought about cleanliness.

"They came into our camp trying to sell fish and venison and maple sugar. I was for buying some sugar, but LaBarron told me that often they strain the maple sap through their blankets. I took one look at their blankets and foreswore maple sugar of the Indian vintage. LaBarron laughed hugely, and said, 'It give heem de ver' reech flavor an' so beau-tee-ful color.'

"They weave very fine baskets and stain them in designs, using stamps or dies cut out of raw potatoes. They use fruit juices for their colors and get some really pretty baskets as a result. I will bring one of them home to Mildred for her trinkets.

"We do not need to buy food from the Indians. The streams are full of fish. Nearly every evening I take my line and fish for an hour. The woods are full of deer. I was out yesterday with my gun and brought in two fine fat bucks. And to-day I killed my first bear. I came upon him in a berry patch. It is a question which was the more surprised, Bruin or myself. But I recovered first. To-night we will have bear steak. It

is necessary that we should replenish our provisions in this way; so David need have no compunctions when he reads my account of hunting.

"Also there are great flocks of passenger pigeons. Many of them are brought into camp and help to supply our table. The woods are full of berries of various kinds, in their season. And there are wild crabapples, but I guess the latter are not yet edible. I tried to eat one yesterday and it took me some time to get my features back into plumb again.

"As you know, we found the party of brethren that was sent up here last September, below Black River Falls. They had obtained the mill site from one Jacob Spaulding. At the time of their arrival there was a log cabin, a small mill, a blacksmith shop, and the foundations for a larger mill.

"The big sawmill is now up and in running order, and a warehouse in course of erection. There are also a number of rude dwellings, and bunk houses.

"There is one place near here that I must describe. It is a level plat of several acres. Pine trees have grown up thickly, so thickly that the trunks shoot up for many feet without a limb, then branch out, forming a solid canopy that

shuts out the sunlight and leaves a quiet, dusk-like twilight. Everywhere one looks he sees the straight columns of the pine tree trunks. Underfoot is a three-inch carpet of pine needles accumulated over many years past, deadening the footfall. It is as quiet and dim there as the interior of some great cathedral or temple. There is not a sound save perhaps the low sweet sound of the mourning dove.

"It is easy to be reverent there, alone in such a quiet place, with God. I go there every Sunday for my devotions, and often of an evening I slip away to that place for a few moments. I wish you could meet with me there. Such trees as those from such a place ought to fit well into our temple. They seem to me to be already dedicated and made holy. No wonder the Indian feels the presence of the Great Spirit in such a place."

The letter finished, three of the little family group broke out in animated conversation, and questions, observations, and conjectures followed in quick succession. They tried to picture the writer seated by his bunk, writing by the light of the pine torch, the dark primeval forests crowding close about his cabin. They visualized the gaudily decorated Indian visitors.

But there was one who was silent. And presently Mildred inquired timidly: "Was there no word at all for me?"

"Why, no," replied David, "I think not. Let me look again."

Unfolding again the wrapper of the larger missive, he discovered a smaller letter directed to Mildred and sealed with the familiar seal. Mildred seized this missive and ran to her room.

NAUVOO

Looking northwest from below the city. The unfinished Nauvoo House is in the central foreground. From a painting by David H. Smith, father of the author of this story.

Chapter Six

A VISIT FROM KIS-KISH-KEE

About forty Indians of the Sacs and Foxes came up in front of the Mansion House, and four or five of them dismounted, among whom was Black Hawk's brother, Kis-Kish-Kee. I was obliged to send word I could not see them at present. They encamped in the Council Chamber afternoon and night. . . . At 3 p. m., the Indians commenced a war dance in front of my old house. Our people commenced with music and firing cannon. After the dance, which lasted about two hours, the firing of cannon closed the exercises, and with music we marched back to the office.—From Joseph Smith's Diary.

SOME TIME after the receipt of the letter from John a strange visitor presented himself at the Nobleman home. He came unannounced and stood in the doorway, darkening the room, before his presence was observed. It was the tall and powerful old Sac and Fox Indian, Kis-Kish-Kee.

As David came forward to greet him, the stern features of the old man softened. His great Roman nose and high cheek bones of the fighting Indian of the West gave him a look of distinction and dignity well supported by his erect carriage and his general appearance of intelligence.

Having exchanged greetings, the family invited him to eat, as it was the hour for the evening meal. All of them felt a very lively curiosity, but he did not choose to enlighten them as to the object of his visit, and ate in silence, excepting as he briefly answered casual questions.

They had not seen him since the day of the parade, when he had so unexpectedly bestowed upon David the mysterious hunting knife. But they respected his reticence and curbed their curiosity until the meal was finished.

After the old Indian had eaten his fill, David brought the knife and showed it to him. "Where did you get this, Kis-Kish-Kee?" he asked.

The old man looked at it gravely. "Long time ago man look like you give it to me," he answered.

"Tell us the story, Kis-Kish-Kee."

The old man sat for a time in silence. Then he began:

"Many moons ago, before the great Father at Washington drove us across the great river into Iowa, we camp on the Rock River, in Illinois. Game scarce and hard times for Indian. Bimeby come bad sickness."

He passed his hand across his face, indicating the pock marks that marred his visage.

"I see!" said William Nobleman. "Smallpox!"

The Indian continued. "Many Indians die. Many sick. Not able to hunt. No bury dead. No water for dying. Beat drums. Pray Great Spirit. Make strong medicine. Pray white man's God. No good. All die fast, like rabbits. Many men pass, but none stop. All hurry on. No look back at Indian camp. All afraid get sick, die. Bimeby come white man up river in canoe.

"This man stop. Look like him," pointing towards David. "Walk about, look in lodge. No scared. Indian tell him look out. He just laugh, like him," again indicating David. "He bring water from river for sick squaws and papoose. Go in forest, kill meat for Indian. Make broth. Roast meat. Grind corn. Bring sugar, salt, from canoe. Bring medicine. Make very strong medicine.

"Bimeby Indians get better. All happy—sing—all dance. All praise white man. All love him. Make big feast. Make strong medicine. Praise Great Spirit that send this good man to Indian."

The old man dropped his head a moment, then lifted it and went on sadly. "Then white man get bad sickness. Bimeby pretty bad. Very hot.

Wild like crazy horse. All Indians wait on him. Bring water, drink much; bring meat, no eat. He get worse. Indian pray, beat drum all night. Make very strong medicine. No good. Send runner down river white doctor. No good.

"Bimeby white man die. Indian feel bad here," putting his hand on his heart. "Feel worse, lose father, mother, wife, child. White man think he die, give Kis-Kish-Kee this knife. Say bimeby find white man look like him. Say give it him. He your father maybe?"

William Nobleman stepped forward, "He was my brother," he said huskily. "He was a good man, like David. He was always kind-hearted and never afraid of anything."

"He good man," assented the Indian. "Meet many white men. Drink firewater, kill Indian, lie, steal, speak with crooked tongue, take Indian land. But this man good man. Die for Indian. Indian ready die for white man," and with a dignified bow towards David, the old man indicated that he was ready to die for kin of the man who had served him so long before.

"No, no!" said David, unconsciously imitating the Indian's curt style. "You no die for us. That do us no good. You live for us. Some

day maybe you do us good. Some day we tell you good news about your fathers."

The old man considered the proposition gravely. He seemed to be turning something over in his mind. Finally he inquired:

"Older brother go far up river, maybe? To the land of the Winnebagos? White man say so."

How he had heard they did not know. But they explained to him where John Nobleman had gone and the object of his trip.

The old man nodded gravely, "Yes, yes. Cut big trees. Build big church on the hill. You send letter; Kis-Kish-Kee maybe take it. I go on visit to friends among the Winnebagos. Sacs and Foxes and Winnebagos very old friends."

The listeners looked at each other questioningly. Mildred clapped her hands and cried enthusiastically. "Do let him take a letter to John. What fun that would be. He shall be our courier, our special messenger."

David turned to Kis-Kish-Kee, and forgetting his late attempt at Indian vernacular, said, "Kis-Kish-Kee, your offer is appreciated very much. We will think the matter over and if you will return in a few days we may have some messages to send."

Pressing some presents of food upon the old

man, they bade him good-by and watched him go down to the river and paddle silently away across the broad expanse of water towards the Iowa shore. His canoe merged into the shadows of the willows on the far side of the stream and he was gone to his own domain.

But about a week later he called again, on Sunday, and the following day took his departure up the river with letters to John Nobleman, also with many other missives for various members of the expedition, from friends and relatives in Nauvoo.

. . . . . .

John Nobleman, returning from his work in the forest, was surprised to find his path blocked by the tall and commanding figure of the old Indian. He looked at the man keenly for a moment and then his face lightened as he remembered Kis-Kish-Kee. The Indian shook hands heartily, and after John had fed him at the cook house, condescended to indulge in speech and explain his errand.

Chapter Seven

LETTERS TO JOHN NOBLEMAN

Friday, October 28, 1842.—This day the brethren finished laying the temporary floor and seats in the temple, and its appearance is truly pleasant and cheering.

Sunday, Octber 30, 1842.—The Saints met to worship on a temporary floor, in the temple, the walls of which were about four feet high above the basement; and notwithstanding its size, it was well filled. It had been expected that I would address them, but I sent word that I was so sick that I could not meet with them; consequently Elder John Taylor delivered a discourse. In the evening I went to visit the sick.—Joseph Smith's Diary.

EAGERLY possessing himself of the proffered letters, John Nobleman selected those addressed to himself and put the others to one side to be delivered to the proper persons. One missive, addressed in a feminine hand, and breathing forth a delicate perfume, he slipped into his inner pocket, next his heart, to be read last, as being evidently most choice. The other, directed in David's handwriting, much like his own, only a little more irregular and fantastic in style, he opened at once. His face lightened with the most intense pleasure as he read:

"Dear John—John the Beloved:

"After your departure well might we have said with Hamlet: 'How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable seem all the uses of the world.'

"Yet such is human nature, with a bright sun to warm our backs and food to cheer the stomach, the quick blood mounts to our heads and the very animal spirits will rise within us, mocking drab melancholy. And nobler thought, the spirit of this work cheers our hearts so we may work in joy, you in the piney deeps of Wisconsin; I by the slopes of the templed hill.

"Various incidents have occurred since your departure; some of them sad, some exciting, some more or less dramatic. Our good Bishop Vinson Knight passed from this life July 31, after a short illness.

"But most absorbing to the public interest perhaps was the effort to apprehend the Prophet Joseph Smith on a trumped-up charge to the effect that he had instigated an attempt to assassinate ex-Governor Boggs of Missouri—he of the Extermination Order.

"It seems that this man Boggs was wounded by some miscreant while sitting in his own dwelling in Independence, Missouri. Though he had a host of political and dear personal enemies,

probably his treatment of the Saints weighed most heavily of many and increasing burdens upon his conscience; so at once, by a process of reasoning or lack of reasoning best known to himself, he concluded that Joseph Smith must have been at the bottom of the affair.

"To be sure, there was no evidence or reason on which to base such a conclusion; but that was a minor obstacle. The affair would do as a pretext on which to attempt again to gain possession of the person of the prophet. Accordingly a demand was made on the governor of Illinois, Governor Carlin, by Governor Reynolds of Missouri, for the extradition of Joseph Smith.

"Now Brother Joseph did not fear trial in Illinois before any unprejudiced tribunal, nor had he any cause to fear such trial. But he did object to being taken into Missouri where he, a civilian, had been court martialed and condemned to be shot on a charge not sustained by a particle of evidence, and had been saved only by the heroism of General Doniphan who had threatened to hold the would-be assassins accountable before a higher tribunal, and had refused to execute the order, which he said was cold-blooded murder. To go to Missouri at the present time would be to meet almost certain death at the hands of the

mobs, or failing that, death at the hands of those professing to act in the name of the law.

"So when an attempt was made to arrest Brother Joseph, he appealed to the municipal court for a writ of habeas corpus. The officers refused to give him up to the municipal court, though it was acting under the charter granted by the State, and withdrew for the time being; later, when they attempted to make the arrest, he was not to be found.

"There were many rumors. Some said that he had gone to Washington, some that he had gone to Europe. It developed later that he was never very far from home. His contention was that the attempted extradition was illegal, for various reasons; and he believed that he could only be tried for the alleged offense in Illinois, as he had not been out of that State, hence had committed his offense, if at all, in the State, and should be tried there.

"He felt it right to avoid the issue for the time being, as Paul, who was let down over the wall in a basket to escape his enemies when the governor tried to apprehend him; or John Wesley, who fled from Georgia while under indictment before the court, and returned to England be-

cause he knew that the court was composed of his enemies and that justice could not be obtained.

"Just now the efforts to apprehend him have abated. What the outcome will be we cannot tell. But I will endeavor to inform you later. It is hoped by the Saints that the legality of the proceedings may be tested properly before an Illinois court.

"Already there has been much excitement. Many threats have been made to bring mobs against us. Armed men have ridden through the city on several occasions and without warrant or authority have searched various homes. Tragedy is imminent, and yet at times comedy arises uninvited.

"Such a body of men found some boys flying kites on the commons and asked them the whereabouts of Brother Joseph. One of the boys, suspecting their errand, and being irreverent, as boys sometimes are, replied, 'He has gone to heaven on his horse Charley, and we are sending him his dinner on this kite.' After threatening the boys the men rode on.

"But I have other more agreeable news for you. Day before yesterday, being Friday, October 28, the brethren finished laying the temporary floor in the lower part of the temple, and

seats were arranged, so that meetings might be held there instead of in the grove as heretofore. And to-day, being Sunday, October 30, 1842, a memorable day, the Saints met in the temple. The walls are now built up to about four feet above the basement.

"Notwithstanding the size of the inclosure, it was well filled. Brother Joseph was not able to be with us, owing to illness, consequently Elder John Taylor delivered the sermon in his stead. How our hearts rejoiced on the occasion of this our first meeting in the holy temple, even though it is but begun, and in its present embryonic, almost chaotic state, gives but a hint of the majesty and beauty that must characterize the completed structure, judging by the designs.

"Yet I must confess that for a time as I sat in the congregation by Mildred's side my mind wandered far away. My eyes may have looked very attentively at the speaker, and if he noted me at all, he perhaps thought me much interested and edified by his discourse. If so, I was unintentionally hypocritical, for my eyes saw him not. Instead I saw you, John, as I fancied you worshiping with a few of the brethren in the Wisconsin forests. And I pictured you during the week helping to fell and hew into shape those

trees that are predestined to such great honor—that they shall form a part of the noble structure called the temple. And as we walked home together we talked of you. But the Athenians, who according to Luke did nothing but either hear or tell some *new* thing, would not have given ear to our conversation, for we had no new or strange theme, we talk of you *every* day.

"Oh, yes, I must tell you that yesterday a company of Saints arrived from New York and Long Island. They met in the store building not far from here, over which Brother Joseph has his office, and addresses were made by Elders Taylor, Woodruff, and others. And finally Brother Joseph spoke to them at some length. I was much interested in his talk.

"He told them that he was only a man and advised them not to expect perfection in him. This might seem strange, unless we reflect that some are prone to make that mistake, and set him on too high a pedestal. He evidently wanted to forestall any such mistake.

"He told them that if they were to expect perfection in him he might in turn demand it of them and both would be disappointed; but if they would bear with his infirmities and the infirmities of the brethren in a Christlike way, he would

bear with their infirmities until all could have time to correct their faults. After his address he blessed them, and left, warning them that he might again find it necessary to flee from injustice and oppression.

"Brother John, I wish you could see Mildred as I see her while writing this letter. She has a new white dress made from goods brought all the way from England by a dear old English sister who came in a recent shipload. She fell in love with Mildred at first sight—very properly so, demonstrating the excellent quality of English brains and hearts. Well, with this dress she is wearing a blue apron—very deep blue—a lovely blue—for I have just noticed that it is the exact color of Mildred's eyes, as she sits opposite me writing a letter to you and asking me how to spell *geodes*—wonder what she is writing, but I can guess. Those are the big rocky fellows that we find in the ravines back of the city and break open and find them full of crystal. They are like Brother Pratt's sermons: very hard to crack, but full of fine things."

Having finished reading David's letter, John turned with alacrity to the one that he had laid aside, the one directed in Mildred's handwriting.

Opening it carefully, as though performing a sacred rite, he read:

"*Dear John:* David is writing you this minute, so I will write a few lines to add to Kis-Kish-Kee's burden. David will write of the church news, which is first with most everybody here; but I will write of some of our doings during the summer—just small talk about David and myself and our rambles.

"You will remember the ravine that comes into the river a half mile or so below Main Street. It runs back into the hills and woods and comes to a place where the water leaps down over a rock wall from a great height, making two or three falls from shelf to shelf. The fall must be nearly fifty feet high. (How much is that, I wonder?) And at the foot of the falls there is a sort of amphitheater, with high rocky walls and big trees and swing grapevines all around it, excepting on the front, which opens down the stream towards the river.

"We often go there, and David paints while I read or amuse myself in other ways. And when he tires of painting, he strolls about with his hands in his pockets and his head thrown back, spouting poetry or singing; or perhaps he

keeps me laughing with his pranks and jests.

"I have named the place 'Prince David's Chamber,' but David says it should be called King John's Chamber, and that when you return we will crown you with forest flowers. He has been reading 'As you like it,' and has some of the lore of the Forest of Arden in his head at present. And 'turning his merry note unto the sweet bird's throat' he sings:

" 'Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall you see no enemy
But winter and rough weather.'

"It is truly and truly a lovely place; so cool and deep and still, excepting for the tinkle of water and the singing of birds. One might think it a long way from civilization, in some deep and remote forest, it is so secluded. Yet it is only the corner round, the hill over, the creek up, from town, as Mr. Steiner would say. I wish you could join us there some day. I wished it on a four-leaved clover one day; and yesterday with a wishbone from a wild turkey. David got the short piece and it seems that he had the same wish. Often we take a lunch with us and as we eat we talk of you and your ways, and you grow bigger and bigger. Oh, there are two here who long for your return, John Nobleman.

"Don't tell the pine woods, nor the wild bear, nor the Indians, nor even the moon—every night I whisper to myself the new name that you gave me, but so low that the angels could scarcely hear, for it is mine, now, mine, mine, and no one else has a right even to hear it.

"But I forgot to tell you another thing. David has begun a wild flower garden back of the house, beyond the rose garden. We have transplanted hundreds of wild flowers of every kind, violets, both prairie and wood varieties, phlox, columbine, wild roses, golden rod, asters, and many others.

"David says that there are no flowers cultivated that he loves so well as the wild flowers. He says that man has tended these domesticated flowers, but God has planted and cultivated the wild flowers, and that they know Him better and tell of Him more plainly than any others. I do not know about that, but I do know that they have a delicate beauty and charm that the tame flowers do not have. They are not so gaudy and pretentious, but are more like Cinderella among her haughty sisters; they are the real beauties and seem to have captured the prince.

"Also we have transplanted, from the very deepest and darkest ravines in the forest, lovely

feathery ferns, and have made a great big bed of them in a shady place.

"Another thing, we have found a good many geodes—big, round, rough fellows, as homely as homely; but when we break them open they are hollow and all lined with rock crystals that glisten like diamonds.

"But now we are truly reminded by the falling of the leaves of the approach of the enemy, 'winter and rough weather.' Then will the river be closed and the roads blockaded, and Nauvoo will be cut off unto herself. But for that time at least she will be sufficient unto herself. Almost daily come new arrivals overland, and all summer parties were coming up the river, many of them from Saint Louis and beyond there, even from England. It is a splendid spectacle when a boatload of emigrants arrives, to see their delight, the embraces, to hear the glad songs.

"We can see the city grow. Almost we can hear it. I lie awake at night listening to the murmur of the big river along the French Rapids below us, and it seems to me I can hear the city grow. What a truly wonderful thing to see a city grow! And such a city! To see the people coming together from the ends of the earth to build such a beautiful city in such a beautiful

place. The very air is full of romance and poetry. We are living an epic."

Having finished the second letter, John Nobleman gave his attention to a small oval packet that had accompanied the letters, but had not been mentioned in them. Opening it and removing many wrappers of tissue he came at last to an oval miniature, done in oil on ivory. It was *the* miniature. From it looked the blue eyes that David had described, and every feature was so lifelike and animated that the heart of the woodsman gave a leap within his breast. It seemed as if the girl herself were actually looking into his eyes, and he smiled in response to the smile that the miniature portrayed.

David had not forgotten the parting wish, and with characteristic unselfishness had inclosed the treasured miniature.

Chapter Eight

KIS-KISH-KEE RETURNS

Monday, February 20, 1843.—About seventy of the brethren came together, according to previous notice, and hauled, sawed, chopped, split, moved, and piled up a large lot of wood in my yard. The day was spent by them with much pleasantry, good humor and feeling. A white oak log, measuring five feet four inches in diameter was cut through with a crosscut saw, in four and a half minutes, by Hyrum Dayton and Brother John Tidwell. This tree had been previously cut and hauled by my own hands and team. From nine to eleven this morning, I was reading in German; and from eleven to twelve held mayor's court. . . . Charles R. Dana versus William B. Drink.—Joseph Smith's Diary.

WINTER descended upon Nauvoo early in that year 1842. By the 17th of November the Mississippi was frozen over, and on that date two men, Alpheus Harmon and another, lost their way and were frozen to death on the prairies between Carthage and Nauvoo.

Early in the year 1843 the matter mentioned in David Nobleman's letter, that of the charge against Joseph Smith made by ex-Governor Boggs, was adjusted in a satisfactory manner.

Thomas Ford having been elected governor to succeed Carlin, Joseph Smith took the matter up with him, sending seven of the brethren to

Springfield to represent him. At their instigation, Governor Ford brought the case before six judges of the Supreme Court. These gentlemen were of the opinion that the requisition from Missouri was illegal and the evidence insufficient, but inclined to the opinion that Governor Ford could not ignore the action of his predecessor. Accordingly he advised Joseph Smith to come to Springfield at once, and assured him a just trial.

Accordingly Joseph Smith, Hyrum Smith, and others started for Springfield, December 27, 1842, arriving there the 30th.

The case was heard before the Circuit Court of the United States for the district of Illinois, Judge Pope rendering the decision January 5. He held that the proceedings were illegal, and that Joseph Smith could not be considered a fugitive from justice, and closed with the pleasant words: "Let an order be entered that Smith be discharged from his arrest."

Accordingly the prophet returned to Nauvoo a free man, reaching that place the 10th day of January.

It may be interesting to note that during this visit to Springfield many men of prominence were met, including Stephen A. Douglas, and Justin Butterfield, and on the first day of Janu-

ary, it being Sunday, the company of Saints held preaching service in the House of Representatives on invitation of the secretary. At the hour of 11 a. m. they sang, "The Spirit of God like a fire is burning," and Elder Hyde preached from Malachi 3; and in the evening Elder Taylor preached from Revelation 14: 6, 7. Most of the members of the legislature were present, as well as many of the heads of departments.

On a day in midwinter, to be explicit, February 20, 1843, it being Monday, David Nobleman came tramping into the home about four o'clock in the afternoon. He was greeted by Mildred and his grandfather, but going directly to the aged grandmother, who sat with hands folded in her lap, her sightless eyes closed, the pathetic attitude of the blind, he kissed her forehead and stroked her white hair.

"Beautiful hair, grandmother; there is none like it," he said. "It is like the snows of winter, so clean and white—while Mildred's is like the golden sunlight in June—we have December and June under one roof."

The grandmother lifted her trembling and almost transparent hand and touched his cheek. "Dear David," she murmured, "where have you been all the day?"

"Well, you see," he said, as he hung over her chair back and continued to stroke her hair, "I have been down to Brother Joseph's place. This has been a great day. About seventy of the brethren came in on him and brought several loads of wood. And all of us worked like beavers chopping, sawing, and piling wood in his yard.

"But we didn't work all the time. We had no end of fun—jokes and stories, and at times a serious spell when we would sing hymns to the tune of the saws, and at the end a short season of prayer. There were many tests of strength and speed. Hyrum Dayton and John Tidwell carried off the honors. If some of those people who say that Brother Joseph and his followers are lazy had been there to-day we would have made them sweat to keep up with us at work."

"The idea," cried Mildred. "How can they continue to call the Saints lazy and ignorant when we are all working so hard here, as we did in Missouri and Ohio, turning the wilderness into a garden and building cities and making farms—and when we build schools the first thing wherever we go. Why, the University of Nauvoo was one of the first things provided for in the charter of Nauvoo."

"Never mind, little granddaughter," replied

William Nobleman; "Jesus says that we are blessed when men say evil things against us falsely. Do not worry when evil stories are *false,* but only when they have some measure of coloring of truth."

But their conversation was interrupted. The door swung open without warning, and on the threshold, darkening all the doorway, stood the old Indian, Kis-Kish-Kee, returned from the pine forests. Upon the floor he threw a burden that he had carried across his shoulders. When they examined it they found it to consist of three fat wild turkeys and a quarter of venison.

Having grunted his laconic greeting, Kis-Kish-Kee indicated that he was both tired and hungry. The family quieted its hubbub of greeting, so strikingly in contrast to the Indian's stoical bearing, for in no way did he indicate that he had not just returned from a moment's errand, and Mildred said, "I must make a feast for all in honor of Kis-Kish-Kee's return."

So she flew about getting the evening meal, while David replenished the fire and set the table. She cut big slices of the red venison and put them to broil, the savory odor soon filling the room; and prepared numerous vegetable dishes, beating up a cake as a special dainty.

Kis-Kish-Kee sat down in the traditional attitude of the hunter returned from the chase and waiting for the squaws to prepare food. He sat with knees far apart, hands hanging across them, relaxed, and head drooping heavily forward, the natural posture of weariness and waiting. They respected this attitude, which forbade questions, as it had always done in the wigwam, until strength should be stimulated and restored by warm food.

When at last the meal was ready he sat at the table with them, solemnly waiting while the granddaughter returned thanks, and then he fell to and ate prodigiously. They could well imagine that he had come a long and hard way and probably had not eaten that day. They enjoyed the juicy venison, but their chief interest was in marveling at the amount of food one human being could safely consume.

The meal finished, he nodded gravely at David, and indicating Mildred, said, "Your squaw good cook. Make very fine meal." A moment later he added, apparently with serious intention to give warning, "You watch when big brother come back from pine forest. You keep um squaw. Yes?"

David laughed and Mildred blushed, looking

first pleased at the praise and then vexed at the warning. She left the room hastily, but returned again in a moment, when Kis-Kish-Kee, at last quite ready to deliver his messages, handed David a packet wrapped in buckskin. These were letters from John Nobleman—including a sealed missive for Mildred that others did not read.

Eagerly David read his letter to the family. All listened most attentively. They learned that John was well, and working hard with the other men to get lumber and logs ready for the spring drive. The letter was filled with notes on camp life and was very interesting.

When it was finished Kis-Kish-Kee told them briefly of his trip. He had come down the river and through the forests by old trails known to Indians, but quite impossible for white men to follow at that season. He was weary and they retired early, putting the Indian to bed in a choice bed with a feather tick and plenty of quilts. But they learned in the morning that he had rolled himself up in a blanket and slept on the floor.

They induced him to remain for a turkey dinner, as Mildred took a girlish delight in cooking to win the praise of this stern and copper-colored old warrior. She fancied her skill pitted against

that of Indian maidens who might have ministered to his needs during a long and eventful life, a life of hunting and fighting, of love and hate, of trails and forests and plains, of feasting and famine, of dancing and mourning. His grave nod of approval over the dishes that she coaxed him to taste was her reward. The old man had clearly taken a great fancy to the girl and was much concerned that David's claims should not be in any way jeopardized. David he seemed fairly to worship, and the family had not a doubt that for him the old Indian would freely keep his word and lay down his life.

The meal finished, the three, the old Indian, the boy, and the girl, went for a walk to David's Lookout. The day was bright and sunshiny. Below them lay the valley of the Mississippi with its white winter plains and its somber masses of forests, and the great silver stream under its coating of ice sweeping in a vast circle about the slopes that rose from the river to their feet and sweeping back of them to other heights formed the hill—city and temple crowned.

The scene was no less beautiful than in summer, and even more awe-inspiring. The statuesque Indian seemed to drink in of the spirit of it. A great sadness was in his countenance. And

finally he spoke. With a sweeping gesture he indicated the vast panorama of forest and plain before him and said, "Long time ago my people were everywhere in the forest and on the prairies. Now they are scattered and gone. When I shout in the forest my voice comes back to me. There is none to answer me in my language.

"My people have all gone to the west—towards the setting sun. But the graves of my fathers are behind me towards the east. Their bones are in the valley. Must we all go on and leave them to be turned up by the white man's plow? Long have we fought, but now we can fight no more. Our bows are all broken. Our arms are all weak.

"Many times have the white men promised us land and written it in a book, but always when we build our wigwams, a little later they tell us to move on. There is no longer any place for the Indian. The spirits of our dead weep for us. Their tears come down in the raindrops and we hear their weeping voices in the storm winds. The big houses of the white men frighten them. They hunt for the old wigwams and cannot find them."

The Indian fell silent, apparently feeling that words could not express or explain his feelings to

an alien breast. But David was all sympathy. Putting his hand on Kis-Kish-Kee's arm he said, "Listen, oh, chief, for I have news for you. I would tell you of a book that contains the record of your people and that has wonderful promises for the future. You will not always be driven and hunted, for the promises in the book are that some day the hearts of the white man shall be turned towards you. They will care for your children. They will build great schools and educate them. They will give them farms. Your children and grandchildren will learn many things. They will put away the bow and arrow and cease to fight one another. They will till the soil and live in fine homes and be as white men are; and they will obey the gospel and help to build up Zion."

Thus standing in this strange pulpit, with the vast valley before him filled with the old-time haunts of the Indians, David preached to his sole Indian auditor a stirring sermon on the Book of Mormon, that wonderful record of God's dealings with the prehistoric peoples of America, the Lamanites.

The old Indian seemed much impressed and promised to hear further of the matter and carry the news to his fellows of the Sacs and Foxes.

Of the book he said, "The Indian has been afraid of books. He does not write in books. White man writes in books, and then we find ourselves bound. We have given away our lands and did not know it. It is down in a book, we are told. The Great Spirit talks to us in the thunder, not in books. But this must be a good book. It tells of good things. If you say it is true it is true. I know you do not lie. You are like the man who died for Indian."

They returned to the home and after they had given Kis-Kish-Kee a number of presents, he took his departure. They watched him until he had crossed the river and disappeared in the forests on the Iowa side.

Chapter Nine

DAVID MEETS THE METHODIST PREACHER

At length the city burst upon my sight, and how sadly was I disappointed. Instead of seeing a few miserable log cabins and mud hovels which I had expected to find, I was surprised to see one of the most romantic places that I had visited in the west. The buildings, though many of them were small and of wood, yet bore the marks of neatness which I have not seen equaled in this country. The far-spread plain at the bottom of the hill was dotted over with the habitations of men with such majestic profusion, that I was almost willing to believe myself mistaken; and instead of being in Nauvoo of Illinois, among Mormons, that I was in Italy at the city of Leghorn (which the location of Nauvoo resembles very much). . . .

I passed on into the more active parts of the city, looking into every street and lane to observe all that was passing. I found all the people engaged in some useful and healthy employment. The place was alive with business—much more so than any place I have visited since the hard times commenced. I sought in vain for anything that bore the marks of immorality; but was both astonished and highly pleased at my ill success. I could see no loungers about the streets, nor any drunkards about the taverns. I did not meet with those distorted features of ruffians, or with the ill-bred or impudent. I heard not an oath in the place, I saw not a gloomy countenance; all were cheerful, polite, and industrious.—Reverend Samuel A. Prior, Times and Seasons, No. 13, vol. 4.

DAVID and Mildred were watching the men at work on the temple. The cold spring wind competed with the warm spring sunshine and made their blood tingle and dance. From high over the river came the clear notes of wild fowl northward bound. Robins

sang for the laborers in Zion, and the trees began to put forth their first fresh, green leaves for the delectation of the young artist and his foster sister.

They climbed up the staging and stood on the top of the stone wall of the temple, looking about them. Many things attracted their attention, but in time it became riveted upon a man, evidently a stranger, and as they judged, a very interested spectator of the work being done.

He was a man of medium height, with a dignified appearance, well dressed, and rather portly and florid. He wore side whiskers and spectacles. They noticed that his eyes were slightly crossed, giving him the baffling expression usual in such cases. They thought at times that he was looking directly at them, but again concluded that they were mistaken.

He carried a cane, and his peculiar use of this instrument, or implement, or adornment, furnished them some amusement. He would stand perfectly still for a while, looking intently at the work going on. Then he would walk rapidly back and forth for a block, or even completely around the temple inclosure.

As he walked he grasped his cane by the crook and whirled it around and around. Apparently

he was wrapped in deep thought, and the harder he thought the faster he whirled the cane and the faster he walked.

David contended that the cane must serve as an accelerator of mental processes, but Mildred affirmed that it might be merely an indicator, or that it might serve as a safety device to relieve undue mental pressure. At last the man halted directly in front of them and they imagined that he was looking at them. But the peculiar cross in his eyes baffled them, even when he began to beckon to them.

But as no one else seemed to recognize the signal, they concluded that it must be for them. So down they went to see what might be wanted. The stranger excused himself, much with the air of one who is accustomed to have his wishes considered deferentially, yet who scrupulously observes the rules of etiquette as a matter of principle.

"My name is Prior," he announced, pausing to give his cane a whirl, then hanging it on his arm. "I am a Methodist minister. This is my first visit to this wonderful city of Nauvoo, concerning which I have heard so many strange and conflicting stories, some of them dark and lugubrious, some of them actually iridescent with

praise and glorification. Needless to say, I am much, very much interested in what I see. Yet I need an interpreter, a guide. You may be able to answer some of my questions, young man, if you will be so good."

David smiled, and having assured his visitor that he would gladly accommodate him, introduced himself and Mildred, "Nobleman? Nobleman?" mused the Reverend Prior, looking at one of them, or both, they could not be sure. "Well, it is a good name. I have met a few noble men in my life, but I was cautioned that I should not expect to meet them in Nauvoo. Young man, do you know what the world thinks of you and your people?"

David lifted his hat and tossed his hair back with a characteristic gesture, and smiled his engaging smile as he answered, "Jesus said, 'If ye were of the world, the world would love its own; but because ye are not of the world, but I have chosen you out of the world, therefore the world hateth you. If the world hate you, ye know that it hated me before it hated you.' "

The deep-set, baffling eyes of the stranger twinkled appreciatively. He took a quick turn down the walk a dozen paces, whirling his cane vigorously, and then returned. "Well met,

young man. If your people meet every situation with so apt a scripture they will be invincible. I had been told that you reject the Bible, and here I am hit on the head with a text the first time I open my mouth in Nauvoo."

David laughed. "No, no; don't say that I struck you on the head with a text," he said. "But we are told that the word of the Lord is the sword of the Spirit. We must use it in self-defense at times."

"Young man, that being true, you seem rather keen for sword practice," retorted the other. "Have a pass at this, then. The day of temple building is done. That ended with the Mosaic economy. You people appear to be retrogressive."

David smiled again and said, "At the risk of being accused of assaulting you with the Bible a second time, I quote Malachi: 'Behold, I will send my messenger, and he shall prepare the way before me: and the Lord whom ye seek, shall suddenly come to his temple, even the messenger of the covenant, whom ye delight in: behold, he shall come, saith the Lord of hosts.'

"You see the Lord is to come to his temple after his messenger has prepared his way before him. How come to a temple if all temples have

fallen to ruin and there are to be no more builded?"

The eyes of the stranger twinkled again. "Did he say his name was David?" he asked of Mildred.

"Yes," she answered demurely; "David Nobleman."

"Well, he must think I am Goliath, and he is determined to kill me out of hand with scriptural pebbles.

"Your defense is ready, apparently, young man, but are you sure that your scripture is properly applied. Did not that text refer to his first coming?"

"I think not," replied David. "I will give you the next three verses: 'But who may abide the day of his coming? and who shall stand when he appeareth? for he is like a refiner's fire, and like fuller's soap; and he shall sit as a refiner and purifier of silver: and he shall purify the sons of Levi, and purge them as gold and silver, that they may offer unto the Lord an offering in righteousness. Then shall the offering of Judah and Jerusalem be pleasant unto the Lord, as in the days of old, and as in former years.'

"All men could abide the day of his first coming. He did not at that time purify the sons of

Levi, and they have never from that day to this offered an acceptable offering, so far as the Levitical priesthood among the Jews is concerned. No; it refers to his second coming; to the great and terrible day of the Lord that few can abide."

"Do you expect the Lord to come to this temple?"

"No; perhaps not to this one. But to a temple of his appointing he will surely come. The church, being a spiritual temple ('Ye are the temple," Paul said,) may very properly, at God's command, house itself in a material temple, as every spiritual body seeks a physical expression."

The eyes of the stranger twinkled again, and he gave his expressive cane another whirl. "Are you metaphysicians as well as theologians?" he inquired. "That was not so bad. A physical body for the spiritual body; a physical temple for the spiritual temple, the material temple but a physical expression of the spiritual temple. Yes; that is rather good. Come now, tell me, honestly, do you think these things up by yourself, or have you all been instructed what to do and what to say to every stranger within the gates?"

David looked at him keenly and answered, "Did they teach you how to swing your cane at Oxford?"

The other laughed outright. "Well said, young man," he applauded. "I see you have not been stuffed. You are an original one. Well, I have not been stuffed either, and I think for myself, and swing my own cane in my own way, as I see you do, too. But how did you pick me for an Oxford man?"

"Just a venture," admitted David. "But come, now, let us show you around the city a bit. Bear in mind as we go that the city is only about four years old, so do not expect perfection, nor the polish of centuries. Some things must appear crude and unfinished to your Eastern eyes."

The three spent the afternoon going from point to point about the city, on the hill, on the flat, along the river front. The two young people took a decided liking to the reverend guest. He seemed different from the usual denominational minister. They could discover little prejudice in his mind. They saw that he was rather eccentric, yet very intelligent and original. They liked his quizzical ways, and relished his occasional references to foreign travel and matters of interest in the intellectual world.

When they parted that night it was only after having secured from him a promise that he would call upon them the next day at their home. In-

deed, he seemed delighted to give the promise, for he assured them that he desired to cross-question David further on matters of church history.

They watched him as he walked away up the hill, swinging his cane violently, and occasionally making a pass at some imaginary object. The two young people laughed merrily, and joining hands ran home to tell about their new friend, to whom they had taken a great liking.

The following afternoon they were seated on the veranda at the hour appointed for his visit. Presently they saw him come down the street. He was walking rapidly and swinging his cane over and over. He seemed absorbed in deep thought and passed by the gate without stopping. He looked at the two on the veranda, or at least they imagined that he did, but there was no recognition in his eyes, but rather a preoccupied, dreamy look, as of one wholly absorbed in his reflections.

"He didn't see us," cried Mildred. "He is going right on down the street."

David ran after the reverend gentleman, calling, "Oh, Doctor Prior; where were you going in such a hurry?"

Their visitor halted abruptly and wheeled about. His cane ceased its gyrations, and on

his face appeared the dawn of returning perception, quickly followed by a whimsical look of apology. He came back up the walk, laughing as he did so.

"I was lost in a fog," he said. "Fortunately you halted me or I do not know where I would have brought up—perhaps in the river. You have discovered one of my weaknesses. I suppose that I may have walked a thousand miles, all told, retracing my steps to points that I had started to visit and had passed in a mental haze."

"Perhaps it is the cane," suggested David.

"Perhaps so," replied the visitor. "There is some connection between that cane and my mental works, though I cannot figure out what it is. But I am getting so I cannot think freely without it, at least not in the open, and I prefer the open. When I get out on the street and go along swinging that cane my parishioners say, "There goes Reverend Prior flailing out another sermon.' "

"David had no occasion to poke fun at you for being absent-minded," consoled Mildred. "I have seen him do all sorts of funny things. One day grandfather sent him out to get a basket of potatoes, and what should Sir David do but hang the basket on the well curb and draw a bucket of

water and pour it into the basket. He only came to himself when the water ran out and wet his feet."

The Reverend Prior lifted his hat and with pleasant courtliness bowed low, while he grasped David's hand. "I am delighted," he said, "to meet a fellow sufferer in affliction, and to learn that though your head may be off duty at times, your feet still remain alert to the situation. I have sometimes wished that I too had a few brains in my heels."

Turning to Mildred he grasped her hand and added, "And I am glad to meet so fair a champion. If I had you with me at times to plead my cause with my flock when I make some absent-minded blunder, it would be well with me."

He greeted the aged grandfather and grandmother genially and with deference, but refused to be seated in the house. "Not on a day like this," he insisted. "Let us all sit instead upon the veranda, where we can look out over the river, with which I am in love, while the young man tells me about the history of your strange church movement."

So presently they were seated upon the veranda, where they could look out over the wide river, glorious in the spring sunshine.

While the visitor listened intently, David began: "You must understand, first of all, Doctor Prior, that our viewpoint is totally different from that of any other church."

"So I imagine; so I imagine," assented the visitor; "and it is your viewpoint I am after."

"We believe," went on David, "that God is unchangeable; and further, we accept the logical conclusions based on such belief. No miracle, revelation, or divine manifestation or intervention that really occurred in the past would seem to us improbable, absurd, or out of order to-day if occasion called for it. It is still to us a day of revelation and miracle, a day of prophets and angelic visitations.

"Moreover we differ from nearly all Protestant churches in that we believe in restoration instead of reformation. We reason in this way: That if there has been no complete apostasy during the long Dark Ages, by which divine truth, the organic form of the church, and authority to act in gospel ordinances was lost, then all those things have come down through the Catholic Church. If that were true, the Catholic claim of apostolic succession is correct and we should all be Catholics.

"But if there was such a complete apostasy,

and we hold that both history and scripture prove that there was, then it became necessary for a *restoration* under divine direction and revelation. We believe, moreover, that the Bible indicates in many places that in the last day there should be such a restoration, prior to the second coming of Christ.

"Such a work of restoration has actually taken place under angelic administration. The ancient primitive Jerusalem gospel has been restored; the priesthood, or authority to act in the name of God, has been restored; also the old-time organic form of church, and the gifts and blessings of the gospel.

"In order that you may understand the steps that lead up to that restoration I wish to read to you Joseph Smith's own account of the early events of church history as he sets them forth in our church paper, the *Times and Seasons.*"

Picking up a bound volume of the *Times and Seasons* for the preceding year, the young man turned to a place that he had marked, and read:

" 'Sometime in the second year after our removal to Manchester, there was in the place where we lived an unusual excitement on the subject of religion. It commenced with the Methodists, but soon became general among all the

sects in that region of country; indeed the whole district of country seemed affected by it, and great multitudes united themselves to the different religious parties, which created no small stir and division amongst the people, some crying, "Lo, here," and some, "Lo, there." . . . A scene of great confusion and bad feeling ensued, priest contending against priest, and convert against convert, so that all the good feelings, one for another, if they ever had any, were entirely lost in a strife of words, and a contest about opinions.

" 'I was at this time in my fifteenth year. My father's family was proselyted to the Presbyterian faith, and four of them joined that church; namely, my mother Lucy, my brothers Hyrum and Samuel Harrison, and my sister Sophronia.

" 'During this time of great excitement my mind was called up to serious reflection and great uneasiness; but though my feelings were deep and often pungent, still I kept myself aloof from all those parties, though I attended their several meetings as often as occasion would permit; but in process of time my mind became somewhat partial to the Methodist sect, and I felt some desire to be united with them, but so great was the confusion and strife among the

different denominations that it was impossible for a person young as I was and so unacquainted with men and things to come to any certain conclusion who was right, and who was wrong. My mind at different times was greatly excited, the cry and tumult was so great and incessant. . . .

" 'While I was laboring under the extreme difficulties caused by the contests of these parties of religionists, I was one day reading the epistle of James, first chapter and fifth verse, which reads: "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him." Never did any passage of scripture come with more power to the heart of man than this did at the time, to mine. It seemed to enter with great force into every feeling of my heart. I reflected on it again and again, knowing that if any person needed wisdom from God I did, for how to act I did not know, and unless I could get more wisdom than I then had would never know; for the teachers of religion of the different sects understood the same passage so differently as to destroy all confidence in settling the question by an appeal to the Bible. At length I came to the conclusion that I must either remain in darkness and confusion, or else I must do as James directs;

that is, "ask of God," concluding that if he gave wisdom to them that lacked wisdom and would give liberally, and not upbraid, I might venture. So in accordance with this my determination to ask of God, I retired to the woods to make the attempt. It was on the morning of a beautiful clear day, early in the spring of eighteen hundred and twenty. It was the first time in my life that I had made such an attempt, for amidst all my anxieties I had never as yet made the attempt to pray vocally.

" 'After I had retired into the place where I had previously designed to go, having looked around me and finding myself alone, I kneeled down and began to offer up the desires of my heart to God. I had scarcely done so when immediately I was seized upon by some power which entirely overcame me, and had such astonishing influence over me as to bind my tongue so that I could not speak. Thick darkness gathered around me, and it seemed to me for a time as if I were doomed to sudden destruction. But exerting all my powers to call upon God to deliver me out of the power of this enemy which had seized upon me, and at the very moment when I was ready to sink in despair and abandon myself to destruction, (not to an imaginary ruin,

but to the power of some actual being from an unseen world who had such a marvelous power as I had never before felt in my being,) just at this moment of great alarm, I saw a pillar of light exactly over my head, above the brightness of the sun; which descended gradually until it fell upon me. It no sooner appeared than I found myself delivered from the enemy which held me bound. When the light rested upon me I saw two personages (whose brightness and glory defy all description) standing above me in the air. One of them spake unto me, calling me by name, and said (pointing to the other), "This is my beloved Son, hear him."

" 'My object in going to inquire of the Lord was to know which of all the sects was right, that I might know which to join. No sooner therefore did I get possession of myself, so as to be able to speak, than I asked the personages who stood above me in the light, which of all the sects was right, (for at this time it had never entered into my heart that all were wrong,) and which I should join. I was answered that I must join none of them, for they were all wrong, and the personage who addressed me said that all their creeds were an abomination in his sight; that those professors were all corrupt; "they draw

near to me with their lips, but their hearts are far from me; they teach for doctrine the commandments of men, having a form of godliness, but they deny the power thereof." He again forbade me to join with any of them: and many other things did he say unto me which I cannot write at this time. When I came to myself again I found myself lying on my back, looking up into heaven.

" 'Some few days after I had this vision I happened to be in company with one of the Methodist preachers who was very active in the beforementioned religious excitement, and conversing with him on the subject of religion I took occasion to give him an account of the vision which I had had. I was greatly surprised at his behavior, he treated my communication not only lightly, but with great contempt, saying it was all of the Devil; that there were no such things as visions or revelations in these days; that all such things had ceased with the apostles, and that there never would be any more of them. I soon found, however, that my telling the story had excited a great deal of prejudice against me among professors of religion, and was the cause of great persecution, which continued to increase; and though I was an obscure boy only between

fourteen and fifteen years of age, and my circumstances in life such as to make a boy of no consequence in the world, yet men of high standing would take notice sufficient to excite the public mind against me, and create a hot persecution. . . . However, it was nevertheless a fact that I had a vision. I have thought since that I felt much like Paul when he made his defense before King Agrippa and related the account of the vision he had when he "saw a light and heard a voice," but still there were but few who believed him; some said he was dishonest, others said he was mad; and he was ridiculed and reviled; but all this did not destroy the reality of his vision. He had seen a vision, he knew he had, and all the persecution under heaven could not make it otherwise; and though they should persecute him unto death, yet he knew and would know unto his latest breath, that he had both seen a light and heard a voice speaking to him, and all the world could not make him think or believe otherwise. So it was with me. I had actually seen a light, and in the midst of that light I saw two personages, and they did in reality speak unto me, or one of them did, and though I was hated and persecuted for saying that I had seen a vision, yet it was true.' "

When he had finished reading, David threw the book aside and said, "Well, there you have an account of the first or initial revelation in the work of restoration. We might discuss that before we consider others."

The Reverend Prior had been sitting listening intently. Now he aroused himself, and looked at David with his baffling crossed eyes, in which there lurked the characteristic twinkle, as he said, dryly, "Well, I notice that it was a Methodist preacher who first started the argument by branding the revelation as from the Devil."

David laughed. "True," he replied; "but that need cause no hard feelings; it might have been a preacher from any other denomination. All would have given the same answer, for all held that divine revelation had ceased, though strangely enough they seemed to think that the Devil was still active while God had become quiescent."

They were silent a moment; then he added, "Don't you think a mistake was made in branding it as from the Devil on the ground that no revelation *could* be received from God? Would it not have been better to have examined it on its merits, admitting that it *might* be from God?"

"Perhaps so," admitted the visitor, "but then

you must concede that it was a very strange claim to make to a world that had long resigned itself to the idea that there was to be no more revelation."

"Yes; but was it more strange than when the angel spoke to the father of John the Baptist after the four hundred years of silence following Malachi? Was it more strange than Paul's experience on the road to Damascus? You remember that even the Christians declined to believe his claims at first, and when he told it to the Romans they said that he was mad."

The listener shook his head. "Perhaps no more strange," he said. "All revelation is strange. Truth is stranger than fiction, it is said. We cannot reject a thing merely because it seems strange. But how about that declaration that all the professors were corrupt? Does that discredit every Christian believer, my pious mother included, who was a good Presbyterian and a great reader of the Bible?"

"No, no," cried David. "It could not be held to refer to all individual Christian believers, many of whom were most excellent and pious people. It referred to the professional clergy, those who teach for doctrine the precepts of men, and draw near to God with their lips only. It might even

be held strictly to refer to those professional clergymen who had gotten up the revival in question and who later betrayed their own hypocrisy."

"Well, then," persisted the visitor, "there is that reference to the creeds as being wrong; some of them even abominable. How do you justify that?"

David stepped into the library a moment and returned with a volume. "Let me read from the Calvinistic Statement of Faith as set forth in the Westminster Confession," he said:

" 'III. By the Decree of God for the manifestation of his Glory, some Men and Angels are predestinated unto everlasting Life, and others fore-ordained to everlasting Death.

" 'IV. These Angels and Men thus predestinated, and fore-ordained, are particularly and unchangeably designed, and their number is so certain and definite, that it cannot be either increased or diminished.

" 'V. Those of Mankinde that are predestinated unto Life, God, before the foundation of the world was laid, according to his eternal and immutable purpose, and the secret counsel and good pleasure of his Will, hath chosen in Christ unto everlasting Glory, out of his meer free

Grace and Love, without any fore-sight of Faith or good Works, or perseverance in either of them or any other thing in the Creature, as Conditions or Causes moving him thereunto, and all to the praise of his glorious Grace.

" 'VI. As God hath appointed the Elect unto Glory, so hath he by the eternal and most free purpose of his Will fore-ordained all the means thereunto: Wherefore they who are elected, being faln in Adam, are redeemed by Christ, are effectually called unto Faith in Christ by his spirit working in due season, are justified, adopted, sanctified, and kept by his power, through Faith, unto salvation. Neither are any other redeemed by Christ, or effectually called, justified, adopted, sanctified and saved, but the Elect only.

" 'VII. The rest of mankind God was pleased, according to the unsearchable Counsel of his own Will, whereby he extendeth or withholdeth mercy, as he pleaseth, for the glory of his sovereign power over his creatures, to pass by and to ordain them to dishonor and wrath for their sin, to the praise of his glorious Justice.'

"These men and angels who are eternally damned," commented the reader, "are not

damned because God foresaw that they would do wrong; nor are others saved because he foresaw they would do right, because the creed says that it was all arranged regardless of such considerations. It was all arbitrary, resting on the whim of divinity, and for his glory. Could you conscientiously consider that as anything but abominable in the sight of God, who we are assured would have all men repent and be saved?"

The visitor shook his head, and answered dryly, "On that point I will not quarrel with the revelation. But think how much comfort men used to get out of that creed. Every pious old soul imagined that he was of the elect, to be saved, and he took no end of pleasure thinking about what his neighbors were to get later."

He thought for a moment, and then added, "But that does not brand all creeds as wrong. Take my own church, for instance. I am minded to challenge you to point out a single error in it touching vital things."

David smiled, "I would not like to become personal and make an attack upon your church. We do not war against churches, but against error. We are friends, so far; let us not become involved in disagreeable matters."

"Tut! Tut!" chided the listener. "Don't spoil

a good story for relation's sake. If there is an error in my creed, drag it out and let me see it."

Again David visited the library and returned with a smaller book. "Since you insist," he said, "I will read from your Discipline: 'Whereof is one Christ, the very God and very man, who truly suffered, was crucified, dead and buried, *to reconcile his Father to us,* and to be a sacrifice, not only for original guilt, but also for the actual sins of men.'

"Now," he added, "compare that with 2 Corinthians 5: 18-20: 'And all things are of God, who hath reconciled us to himself by Jesus Christ, and hath given to us the ministry of reconciliation; to wit, that God was in Christ, *reconciling the world unto himself;* not imputing their trespasses unto them; and hath committed unto us the word of reconciliation. Now then we are ambassadors for Christ, as though God did beseech you by us; we pray you in Christ's stead, *be ye reconciled to God.*'

"That surely is a vital point. Jesus did not come to reconcile a vicious and angry God who had to be bribed by the sight of the sufferings of his Son. God was always a loving father, and had not gone astray. Jesus came to reconcile

man to God, not God to man, for it was man who had gone astray."

The Reverend Prior removed his spectacles, and wiped them carefully with his spotlessly white kerchief, then replaced them. Behind their protecting sheen his twinkling eyes studied David.

"Well?" he said, questioningly.

"Well?" echoed David. "What do you think of it?"

He shook his head, mockingly. "Being a Methodist minister, I will not express an opinion," he said dryly, "But if I were *not* a Methodist minister I would say that this is an astonishing case of getting the cart before the horse. I will issue no more challenges to a David."

Turning to Mildred, he continued, "I did not come expecting to have my own creeds dissected and my idols rudely disturbed. Send this young inquisitor after a bucket of water, that he may wet his feet and thus cool his head, while we admire the river view."

All joined in the laugh that followed, but David insisted, "I hope you will not miss an important point: The personage who spoke to Joseph Smith called his attention to Jesus Christ, and said, 'This is my beloved Son, *hear*

"THE TRYSTING PLACE"

A sylvan scene near Nauvoo, overlooking the Mississippi River

him.' That was the *keynote* of the revelation. It was a call back to Jesus and his teachings. Men had listened too long to the precepts and doctrines of learned men. The keynote of our work is a return to the teachings of Jesus."

After they had talked a little longer it was arranged that the visitor should return again and hear further about the early history of the church. Bidding them all good-by, he took his departure. They saw him walking down the street, his cane over his arm. But presently he grasped it by the crook and it began to revolve swiftly as he walked. The watchers laughed, for they knew that he was thinking seriously.

Chapter Ten

MORE LETTERS TO JOHN NOBLEMAN

April 6, 1843.—The first day of the fourteenth year of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. Sun shone clear, warm and pleasant. The snow has nearly all disappeared. . . . The ice is about two feet thick on the Mississippi, west of the temple. A considerable number of the brethren crossed from the Iowa side of the river to the conference, on the ice. The walls of the temple are from four to twelve feet above the floor.

April 7.—The ice, which had made a bridge across the river since last November, moved away in immense masses.

April 12.—The steamer "Amaranth" appeared in sight of the temple, coming up the river, and about noon landed her passengers at the wharf opposite the old post office building, consisting of about two hundred and forty Saints from England. About 5 p. m. the steamer "Maid of Iowa" hauled up at the Nauvoo House landing, and disembarked about two hundred Saints. These had been detained at Saint Louis, Alton, Chester, etc., through the winter, having left Liverpool last fall. Dan Jones, captain of the "Maid of Iowa," was baptized a few weeks since; he has been eleven days coming from Saint Louis, being detained by the ice.

May 12.—At sunrise, Bishop George Miller arrived with a raft of 50,000 feet of pine lumber for the Temple and Nauvoo House, from the pinery on Black River, Wisconsin.—From Joseph Smith's Diary.

ONE of the first boats up the river in the spring carried new letters to John Nobleman, to be taken as far as Prairie Du Chien and thence forward up the Black River. The first of these was from David and bore the date of April 13, 1843:

"*Dear John:* Now is the 'winter of our discontent' come to an end. And truly we have great reasons to rejoice. By the way, as you may have observed, Miller's day of judgment, April 3, when he was to have the world come to an end, passed over and nothing at all happened —except that those poor mortals who had given their property all away and stood around on hilltops waiting for the end to come, went sadly home, doffed their ascension robes, donned working clothes, and went sorrowfully to work—we trust. How foolish, when Jesus says that not even the angels know the hour nor the day of his coming. But these rush in where angels fear to tread, and endeavor to fix the very time. It is our business to watch and pray and be ready at all hours; and I think that any dress that covers an honest man or a virtuous woman is a good enough ascension robe.

"You will want to know about the conference. Well, the first day of the fourteenth year of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, April 6, dawned on schedule time, clear and warm. The snow had disappeared, excepting on the northern hill slopes. But there were still two feet of hard ice on the river, and a great number of the brethren came across from Montrose on

the ice to attend the annual conference, which according to our regular custom began that day.

"The conference met on the floor of the temple. The walls are now up from four to twelve feet above the temporary floor. President Joseph Smith, who is mayor, was detained for a time on account of a case that was on trial, Thompson versus Dixon, but came in with Elders Rigdon and Hyde at ten minutes before twelve, and almost immediately addressed the meeting. He asked the conference to express itself regarding sustaining the First Presidency. A motion was presented sustaining him as president and another person put it to vote. It looked like a sea of hands raised in support of the motion. Sidney Rigdon was sustained as counselor in the Presidency, also William Law.

"At twelve minutes before two the conference adjourned for one hour. At three o'clock it reassembled and Brother Hyrum Smith, presiding patriarch, addressed the people. He said that there exists a band of dishonest men who steal and make counterfeit money, and by pretending to be members of the church throw suspicion on us. Thus they escape punishment. He restated the position of the church on matters of such kind, reading the law from the church books. We

are constantly made to suffer for the sins of such men in this wild frontier country. Every crime that is committed for a hundred miles around is laid at our door.

"Conference met again the seventh, at ten o'clock, and again at half past two. Brother Joseph remarked to Elder Rigdon, while the choir sang so beautifully, that it was truly a day of millennium within the temple walls—all was so peaceful, so holy, so solemn.

"On the seventh we witnessed a sublime spectacle. The ice which has formed a heavy covering of the river ever since the seventeenth day of last November broke up and went out. The breaking up of the ice is certainly terrific and awe-inspiring. It went crashing and grinding and roaring down the river in great jagged masses. Nearly all night we could hear the sound of it, like heavy cannonading. Grandmother was much disturbed, fearing another mob, and could not sleep. As for Mildred and me—we did not care to sleep, but for hours walked up and down the bank, watching the strange scene under the moonlight. We even went up to the point that she has christened David's Lookout, where we could overlook the whole valley and the river for miles. The old river is wonderful in its every

mood, but most wonderful to me it seemed that night.

"Even the next day when conference assembled we could look from the stand in the temple and see masses of ice floating down stream. A strong west wind was blowing and interfered with the poorly protected assembly room, roaring in upon us around the unfinished walls, so much so that at the afternoon session we were obliged to make a stand at the east end of the temple walls, where Elder Taylor addressed us, and Orson Hyde followed, reporting that he had returned from his mission to Jerusalem, having traveled in four quarters of the globe and visited peoples speaking fourteen or fifteen different languages.

"The General Conference closed on Sunday, the 9th, and an elders' conference ensued. Yesterday, before the elders' conference had closed, all were much interested and excited when from the temple we espied the steamer *Amaranth* coming up the river. She landed about noon at the wharf opposite the old post office building and discharged her cargo of about two hundred and fifty Saints who had sailed for Zion from Liverpool last January.

"Brother Joseph and a great company of

Saints were there to greet them and clasp their hands. Needless to say, Mildred and I were there also. Oh, what a scene it was! Some of them laughed and some of them wept, so great was their joy to have completed their long and hard journey and to meet their brothers and sisters in this strange land. Most eager were they to greet Brother Joseph, whose hand was shaken until his arm must be sore to-day.

"To add to our rejoicing, the steamer *Maid of Iowa* hauled up at the Nauvoo House landing at five o'clock in the evening and discharged about two hundred more passengers who had left Liverpool last fall and were detained at Saint Louis and other points during the winter. They had been eleven days coming from Saint Louis, on account of the ice.

"We learned with joy that the captain of the boat, Dan Jones, as we call him, familiarly, had been baptized a few weeks earlier. Among those who landed were Sister Mary Ann Pratt, wife of Parley P. Pratt, with her little daughter, only four days old.

"To-day at ten o'clock all these emigrants and a great multitude of others met at the temple. The choir sang a lovely hymn and Brother Joseph addressed us all, giving us much good

advice, especially useful to the newly arrived Saints."

. . . . . .

There was also a short letter from Mildred, in which she said:

"David, as usual, is writing the news. All that I can write is personal chatter. Things are moving on about as usual in Nauvoo. All is growth and activity. Missionaries are pushing out into all parts of the country and to foreign fields and we see the harvest gathering in almost daily. Particularly is this true of Great Britain—constantly emigrants are arriving from that field.

"Grandmother and grandfather are both fairly well, but they show evidences of age and the hardships they have endured. I sometimes fear that they will not be with us long. Grandmother prays daily that they may go together. Each of them has a dread of being left alone. They have been such inseparable companions. It is pathetic to see the tender solicitude with which grandfather waits upon her, making his eyes serve both and reporting everything to her. He tries to make her see the river, the valley, the temple, the incoming ships, the new leaves of spring, all the wonderful things about us.

"David is the same David. That is all I can say. There is none like him, as you know.

"He says such quaint things. They sound purely fanciful, yet often there is a strain of philosophy under them, if you get his meaning. A few nights ago a spring shower came dashing in over the river. He went out and stood with his hair tossed back from his forehead, in the way you remember, with the first big drops falling around him.

"Seeing me, he called, 'Come out, little sister, and get some holy water.'

"I answered, 'Holy water? That's what the Catholic priest sprinkles on people, isn't it?'

"But he said, 'No, that is not holy water; this is the only really holy water. Earth has distilled it, and God has caught it up to heaven and blessed it, and now sends it down to purify the world.'

"Yesterday we were transplanting flowers for our wild flower garden. We had tramped the woods and hills all day and were working in the garden with our treasures, when grandfather came out to join us. He is very methodical and exact, and he said, 'Children, why don't you plant these flowers in orderly rows?'

"David was planting them in groups and

clumps here and there as fancy seemed to direct. He replied, 'God doesn't plant his flowers in rows. These are flowers of God's planting. It may be all right to plant verbenas and hollyhocks in rows, but if I should plant these in rows they might become suspicious of me, or perhaps fade away and die. It would be as bad as to put an Indian maiden fresh from the forests into stays and high-heeled shoes.' "

. . . . . .

A lumber raft came slipping ghostlike through the early morning river fog on the morning of May 12. It swung in towards Nauvoo at about sunrise, but it was some hours before it could be landed and tied securely. This raft contained fifty thousand feet of lumber for the temple and Nauvoo House, and was in charge of Bishop George Miller.

So soon as he could well do so, John Nobleman quitted his work on the raft and hastened homeward. Evidently the family had not discovered the arrival of the raft and company from the pineries. It pleased him mightily to be able thus to surprise them.

He strode up the front walk with the easy swing that characterized him and pushed the

front door open softly. William Nobleman was sitting at his wife's side, reading to her. He looked up in surprise, but with a gesture John suggested silence, and stepping quietly behind the chair of the aged grandmother he took her faded cheeks between his two big hands and said, "Who comes here, grandmother?"

Without moving, she replied in the high, quavering voice of the aged. "Is it David? No; it can't be David. The hands are too big for David. Can it be John? Is it you, John?"

"Yes, grandmother," he answered, as he kissed her forehead. "It is I, back from the pine forests for a little while. Smell the resin. My system is full of it. I have cut pine trees and slept on pine needles and chewed pine gum and breathed pine-scented air until I am half pine."

His ban of silence lifted, he greeted his grandfather warmly and inquired for David and Mildred. He learned that they had gone to the woods at sunrise for wild flowers for their garden.

Confident that he knew where to find them, he strode down the river to the familiar ravine and thence took his way back into the forest. He left the ravine, now grown deep and precipitous, and taking his way by a circuitous route, through the

trees and up steep slopes, he approached the falls from above.

There he gained a vantage ground, and cautiously making his way to the brink of the upper falls, he reached a point where he could thrust aside swinging grapevines and look directly down into the amphitheater that Mildred had named Prince David's Chamber. There at the foot of the falls on a little slope of green, so close that the spray from the cataract reached them at intervals, kneeled the objects of his search, David and Mildred, their heads close together, intent upon a basket of wild flowers that they had dug from the forest and were now arranging for the home garden.

The visitor from the north stood looking at them very intently. Something of the keen joy of anticipation faded from his face. It seemed to him that he was not greatly needed here. And at last, without making his presence known, he turned and quietly departed.

But scarcely had he gone, when David, as though moved by some dim telepathic message, scarcely perceived, arose and scanned the summit of the falls carefully, and moved restlessly about.

"Some one has been watching us," he declared. "Come, let us go home."

So they took their way homeward, David carrying the basket of flowers and Mildred following, trowel in hand, with her torn sunshade swinging over her shoulder.

They entered the home in this fashion, but scarcely had David crossed the threshold when he paused and seemed to assay the very atmosphere with some hidden sixth sense, and finally asked sharply, "Has Brother John been here?"

A moment later his eye fell upon a familiar black slouch hat thrown carelessly on the floor. With a cry of joy the two ran into the kitchen, but as they entered, John slipped from the rear door. They ran into the rose garden, but he had dodged around the house and entered the front door. At last, by dividing their forces, and entering at both doors, they ran him to earth in the reading room.

David fell upon him and hugged him rapturously. But Mildred, having assisted in his capture, suddenly was seized with a spirit of shyness and mischief combined. And when John would turn to greet her he must needs become the pursuer. He caught a glimpse of her bright dress whisking from the door, and when he ran into the garden he heard her low laugh in the house.

Finally, however, he cornered her in the rose

garden, and she threw herself panting and laughing into the rustic seat where she had posed for the miniature one year before. John Nobleman sat down by her side and with his arm about her shoulders fell to upbraiding her with mock seriousness.

"You ought not to make me exercise so," he declared. "My heart is very bad; it is all I can do to saw through a five-foot pine without stopping to take breath."

"If your heart is bad you should have a doctor," she replied, struggling to get free. "Let me go and get you one. I can get a calomel doctor from the flat, or a lobelia doctor from the hill, or a doctor from Warsaw who will bleed you."

"Yes," he answered, grimly, "no doubt there are many doctors in Warsaw and Carthage who would very gladly bleed me and a whole lot more of us if they but had the opportunity. But we bled enough in Missouri. No, I would prefer your lobelia doctor if I must have one, but I think my ailment is mostly spiritual."

"Oh, then, you need a minister. I will get you Brother Hyrum, or Brother Sidney Rigdon, or I may even be able to procure a real doctor of divinity, a Presbyterian or a Methodist from the hill."

"No doctor is wanted," he replied, flatly; "neither M. D.'s nor D. D.'s. What I need is a nurse and a cook——"

"Very well," she cried, breaking away and running into the house, "I will send for old Mammy Brown; she is a good nurse and a good cook."

When he had captured her again, the whole family assembled in the rose garden and exchanged news, compared notes, all or nearly all of them talking at once, as is the rule at such times. John inquired for the latest news and received it in detail. That very day the *Maid of Iowa* was to begin running regularly as a ferry boat between Nauvoo and Montrose, Captain Dan Jones in temporary charge, though Captain Jones himself was expected to take a mission to Wales a little later. Addison Pratt, Noah Roger, Benjamin F. Grouard, and Knowlton F. Hanks had been appointed but yesterday by a council to go on a mission to the Pacific Isles; James Sloan to Ireland, John Cairns to Scotland, and a number to England. Two had been directed to go to Germany and Switzerland.

The Twelve were to go eastward to Maine, preaching and collecting money for the Temple and the Nauvoo House. A music hall was to

be established on lot four, block sixty-seven, much to the joy of David. Peter Haws had called for twenty-five men to go with him to the pine country. Joseph Smith had preached a sermon in memory of Lorenzo D. Barnes, the first missionary of the church to die in a foreign field, he having died at Bradford, England, the previous December. Apple trees had been in bloom for two days, as he might observe if he would look about and smell the fragrant air. A bluebird was nesting in the hollow maple. And so on and on until all had said all they could think of to say.

The three must take a walk to David's Look-out and have a glance at the river, and at the time while David pretended to admire the river John must steal a glance into those wonderful blue eyes that David had written about. Some way he found them much more wonderful than David's pen had pictured them; far more thrilling even than the eyes in the miniature which John Nobleman had studied daily.

Then they took their way to the water front and out on the big raft. Crowds of spectators lined the bank and men were preparing to break up the raft. John explained in detail to them the work in the pineries; how the trees were cut,

hauled, sawed, floated down stream, made into rafts, guided down the mighty river, and again on and on. Then back home they went and Mildred prepared one of her famous dinners. John ate more sparingly than Kis-Kish-Kee, 'tis true, but with even greater appreciation, and with more subtle ways of expressing his praise, so that she blushed more prettily than for the old Indian, and was very, very happy; so happy that her heart hurt within her and a little tear came to her eyes.

After the dinner John brought his gifts from the boathouse on the raft. He had great bricks of maple sugar, made under the supervision of French La Barron, who took no risks that the Indian should strain the sap through their dirty blankets. And there were dried venison, and dried berries, and pretty pine cones, and baskets manufactured by the Indians, and blankets, and bows and arrows and whatnot?

And last of all John Nobleman reclaimed Thunderbolt, and helping Mildred into the saddle, put his arm about her, and walking by her side went down to the river just as the sun was setting. The big black horse, stepping daintily, wetted his feet in the big and solemn river, and

drank at his leisure. A solitary Indian putting out in his canoe shook his head dubiously. Old Kis-Kish-Kee liked to see no one but David with the young white squaw who could cook venison so delightfully. But Mildred did not see the old Indian, nor did John; for John was whispering and Mildred listening to the new name known only to the two.

Chapter Eleven

MR. PRIOR RETURNS

ONLY a few days after his first visit the Reverend Mr. Prior appeared again at the Nobleman home. He seemed subdued and troubled in mind and they learned upon questioning him that he had attended a prayer service the evening before at which the gifts of the gospel in prophecy and tongues had been manifested. Evidently he had felt a power present that he had never before experienced, and it had impressed him very deeply.

"Suppose you should decide that the power you felt was of God, what would you do?" asked David, curiously.

The visitor shook his head in a perplexed manner, but something of the old twinkle appeared in his eyes as he answered: "It is too early for me to express an opinion, but you can imagine how a dyed-in-the-wool Methodist preacher would feel under those conditions. There are my early education, my prejudices, my lifelong friends, my position (for I know nothing but the

ministry), my living as a preacher, all arrayed on one side of the question—what is on the other side? What have you to offer?"

David answered soberly: "We are making no offers. We are not urging you at all. Take all the time you wish to investigate. If you find that we have the truth, remember the woman who sold all she had and bought the pearl of great price. You may lose your friends—at least you would be in a position to find out which of them were loyal—and you might lose your salary. But I am sure God would suffer you to meet with no more affliction than might be good for your own soul—and you would find other friends."

"That was about what I expected you to say," answered the visitor. "If you had said, Come right on in and we will fix you up with a good salary, I should have felt suspicious."

Soon they were seated on the veranda again, and David said: "We might continue the story where we dropped it a few days ago. The next manifestation granted to Joseph Smith came some three years later. I will read his description of it from *The Times and Seasons,* if you wish. He says:

" 'While I was thus in the act of calling upon God I discovered a light appearing in the room,

which continued to increase until the room was lighter than at noonday, when immediately a personage appeared at my bedside standing in the air, for his feet did not touch the floor. He had on a loose robe of most exquisite whiteness. It was a whiteness beyond anything earthly I had ever seen; nor do I believe that any earthly thing could be made to appear so exceedingly white and brilliant; his hands were naked, and his arms also a little above the wrist. So also were his feet naked, as were his legs a little above the ankles. His head and neck were also bare. I could discover that he had no other clothing on but this robe, as it was opened so that I could see his bosom. Not only was his robe exceedingly white, but his whole person was glorious beyond description, and his countenance truly like lightning. The room was exceedingly light, but not so very bright as immediately around his person. When I first looked upon him I was afraid, but the fear soon left me. He called me by name, and said unto me that he was a messenger sent from the presence of God to me, and that his name was Nephi. That God had a work for me to do, and that my name should be had for good and evil, among all nations, kindreds, and

tongues; or that it should be both good and evil spoken of among all people."

David did not read further in this account, as he did not wish to weary his hearer with too much reading. He preferred to summarize the remainder of the story of this remarkable vision, which he did.

As David finished, the visitor said slowly, "The angel surely told the truth when he said that Joseph Smith's name should be had for good and for evil among all nations. That prediction is already fulfilled. And possibly the prediction you mention regarding the return of the Jews may be fulfilled in time."

"It surely will be," answered David. "You note that the angel quoted the eleventh chapter of Isaiah. The eleventh and twelfth verses of that chapter read: 'And it shall come to pass in that day, that the Lord shall set his hand again, the second time to recover the remnant of his people, which shall be left, from Assyria, and from Egypt, and from Pathros, and from Cush, and from Elam, and from Shinar, and from Hamath, and from the islands of the sea. And he shall set up an ensign for the nations, and shall assemble the outcasts of Israel, and gather together

the dispersed of Judah from the four corners of the earth.' "

After they had discussed various topics raised by the reading, David continued, "I would like to show you how step by step God revealed himself and how every step was taken in harmony with a 'thus saith the Lord.'

"We believe, as you already know, that authority must be had to preach the gospel and administer the ordinances. Jesus said: 'And no man taketh this honor unto himself, but he that is called of God, as was Aaron. So also Christ glorified not himself to be made a high priest; but he that said unto him, Thou art my Son, today have I begotten thee.'

"It is not a matter of deciding to go out and preach. A call and an ordination are necessary. Jesus said, again: 'Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you, and ordained you, that ye should go and bring forth fruit, and that your fruit should remain.'

"Men may attempt to trace their authority back to the apostles, and for those who reject restored authority, that is the only recourse, but in so doing they will invariably trace it back to the Roman Catholic hierarchy, as Wesley did when challenged, but that is not enough, for we

hold that the Roman Catholic priesthood lost all authority long ago, under the terms: 'Whosoever transgresseth, and abideth not in the doctrine of Christ, hath not God. He that abideth in the doctrine of Christ, he hath both the Father and the Son.' (2 John 9.)

"We believe that priestly authority once bestowed by direct revelation, later lost during the great apostasy, has been again restored by direct revelation. I will read again from Joseph Smith's account:

" 'We still continue the work of translation, when in the ensuing month, (May, eighteen hundred and twenty-nine,) we on a certain day went into the woods to pray and inquire of the Lord respecting baptism for the remission of sins, as we found mentioned in the translation of the plates. While we were thus employed, praying, and calling upon the Lord, a messenger from heaven descended in a cloud of light, and having laid his hands upon us, he ordained us, saying unto us, "Upon you, my fellow servants, in the name of Messiah, I confer the priesthood of Aaron, which holds the keys of the ministering of angels, and of the gospel of repentance, and of baptism by immersion, for the remission of sins, and this shall never be taken again from the

earth, until the sons of Levi do offer again an offering unto the Lord in righteousness." He said this Aaronic priesthood had not the power of laying on of hands, for the gift of the Holy Ghost, but that this should be conferred on us hereafter, and he commanded us to go and be baptized, and gave us directions that I should baptize Oliver Cowdery, and afterwards that he should baptize me.

" 'Accordingly we went and were baptized. I baptized him first, and afterwards he baptized me, after which I laid my hands upon his head and ordained him to the Aaronic priesthood, and afterwards he laid his hands on me and ordained me to the same priesthood, for so we were commanded. . . .

" 'Immediately upon our coming up out of the water, after we had been baptized, we experienced great and glorious blessings from our heavenly Father. No sooner had I baptized Oliver Cowdery than the Holy Ghost fell upon him and he stood up and prophesied many things which should shortly come to pass: and again so soon as I had been baptized by him, I also had the spirit of prophecy, when, standing up I prophesied concerning the rise of the church, and many other things connected with the church, and this

generation of the children of men. We were filled with the Holy Ghost, and rejoiced in the God of our salvation.' "

When David paused in his reading, the visitor attempted to speak, but the reader stopped him, saying, "Pardon me, Mr. Prior; allow me to read Oliver Cowdery's account of the same event, and then you may comment. It is as follows:

" 'On a sudden, as from the midst of eternity, the voice of the Redeemer spake peace to us, while the vail was parted and the angel of God came down clothed with glory, and delivered the anxiously looked for message, and the keys of the gospel of repentance.

" 'What joy! what wonder! what amazement! While the world was racked and distracted—while millions were groping as the blind for the wall, and while all men were resting upon uncertainty, as a general mass, our eyes beheld—our ears heard.

" 'As in the "blaze of day"; yes, more—above the glitter of the May sunshine, which then shed its brilliancy over the face of nature! Then his voice, though mild, pierced to the center, and his words, "I am thy fellow servant," dispelled every fear.

" 'We listened—we gazed—we admired! 'Twas

the voice of the angel from glory—'twas a message from the Most High! and as we heard we rejoiced, while his love enkindled upon our souls, and we were rapt in the vision of the Almighty!

" 'Where was room for doubt? Nowhere; uncertainty had fled, doubt had sunk, no more to rise, while fiction and deception had fled forever!

" 'But, dear brother, think, further think for a moment, what joy filled our hearts and with what surprise we must have bowed, (for who would not have bowed the knee for such a blessing?) when we received under his hand the holy priesthood, as he said, "Upon you my fellow servants, in the name of Messiah, I confer this priesthood and this authority, which shall remain upon earth, that the sons of Levi may yet offer an offering unto the Lord in righteousness." ' "

When David had finished reading, the Reverend Prior removed his glasses, polished them carefully, readjusted them, and said: "If true, that was a most wonderful experience. I wish that men might indeed have such experiences now; it would make our faith so much more vital and powerful."

He paused, and David said, " 'For our gospel came not unto us in word only, but in power, and in the Holy Ghost, and in much assurance.' "

"To be frank," went on the visitor, "I have at times grown rather tired of explaining why the churches do not have many things that they should have. I am tempted to believe that the day has come spoken of by Paul, wherein men should have a form of godliness, but deny the power thereof. I have felt the need of power and spiritual gifts—but to find them here—at Nauvoo—among the Mormons—with old Joe Smith —" he shook his head in consternation.

"But, young man, you surely are ready in your defense, and zealous. I marvel to find your people, even the young members, so well versed in scripture and so fluent in argument in support of their position. It is not so among the people with whom I have labored. The young seem to have no interest in Bible topics, and they know no more than the man in the moon what the doctrines of their church may be, and apparently care less. The moon peeks in at my study window every night, but I could hardly drag one of them into my presence, while here even the young people are missionaries eager to preach the gospel as they believe it.

"But go on with your history, I am mightily interested. Though I suppose next you will be undermining my favorite doctrine, to-wit, That

men are saved by faith and not by works is a wholesome doctrine and very full of comfort."

David laughed, "Not I," he answered. "I will let you wrestle with God, who says that every man shall be judged and rewarded according to his *own works*. I will go on with other matters. I wish next to read an account of the organization of the church, as follows:

" 'Whilst the Book of Mormon was in the hands of the printer, we still continued to bear testimony, and give information, as far as we had opportunity; and also made known to our brethren, that we had received commandment to organize the church, and accordingly we met together for that purpose, at the house of the above mentioned Mr. Whitmer, (being six in number,) on Tuesday, the sixth day of April, A. D. one thousand eight hundred and thirty.

" 'Having opened the meeting by solemn prayer to our heavenly Father we proceeded, (according to previous commandment) to call on our brethren to know whether they accepted us as their teachers in the things of the kingdom of God, and whether they were satisfied that we should proceed and be organized as a church according to said commandment which we had re-

ceived. To these they consented by unanimous vote.

" 'I then laid my hands upon Oliver Cowdery and ordained him an elder of the "Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints." After which he ordained me also to the office of an elder of said church.

" 'We then took bread, blessed it, and break it with them, also wine, blessed it, and drank it with them.

" 'We then laid our hands on each individual member of the church present that they might receive the gift of the Holy Ghost, and be confirmed members of the church of Christ. The Holy Ghost was poured out upon us to a very great degree, some prophesied, whilst we all praised the Lord and rejoiced exceedingly.'

"You will see that in this, as in all other matters, they moved only by commandment from on high. They were in that quite unlike other church builders who have moved out in their own wisdom, not even claiming the least manifestation of divine direction, yes, even denying the possibility of anyone receiving such revelation.

"To make a long story short, the work of organization went forward rapidly. Men were called and ordained to the various offices until

all the officers mentioned in the New Testament Scripture as a part of the church were in their places. Let me read a few passages of scripture on that point, from Corinthians:

"'And God hath set some in the church, first apostles, secondarily prophets, thirdly teachers, after that miracles, then gifts of healings, helps, governments, diversities of tongues.'

"Again from Ephesians:

"'And he gave some apostles; and some, prophets; and some, evangelists; and some, pastors and teachers; for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ; till we all come in the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ; that we henceforth be no more children, tossed to and fro, and carried about with every wind of doctrine, by the sleight of men, and cunning craftiness, whereby they lie in wait to deceive.'

"In other places, elders, bishops, deacons, seventies, are mentioned. You will notice that these officers were set in the church. God set them there. We are told elsewhere that God set the sun in the heavens. It still shines and will continue to do so until its work is done. These offi-

cers will be a part of the church till their work is done, and that work is to help perfect the saints of God and bring them to a unity of the faith."

The Reverend Prior rumpled his hair reflectively, and said with a smile, "Well, I must admit that unity and perfection are yet to come. But I had always held that the apostles and prophets mentioned here are still in the church. That is, that those who lived in the days of Jesus are still doing their work through their record in the Bible."

"But I believe that you insist on having pastors, evangelists, deacons, bishops," replied David, dryly. "Why draw the line so as to exclude living prophets and apostles?"

The visitor turned his gaze upon Mildred, who was an attentive listener to their discussion, and who at times caught a fleeting and friendly glance from the baffling brown eyes. "Again I ask you to call this young inquisitor away," he pleaded, "so that we may enjoy the river view. He is determined to spoil my theology."

"No, I would not spoil your theology," replied David. "I am merely explaining our own theology. If in contrast you find defects in your own, do not say that I have spoiled it. I did not

formulate it. If it is of God it cannot be spoiled by me.

"There are only two more points to which I will call your attention. The first is that of doctrine: the church began at once teaching the fundamental doctrines mentioned by Paul in Hebrews 6: 'Therefore leaving the principles of the doctrine of Christ, let us go on unto perfection; not laying again the foundation of repentance from dead works, and of faith toward God, of the doctrine of baptisms, and of laying on of hands, and of resurrection of the dead, and of eternal judgment. And this will we do, if God permit.'

"You will remember that Jesus said that he had selected Paul to be an especial messenger to Jew and Gentile. He must therefore have a special message for us. In fact, he condenses for us in those passages the six fundamental principles of the doctrine of Christ.

"It is complete and all-inclusive, when you stop to analyze it. It takes a man from the first dawn of faith in God, through repentance, and through the waters of regeneration in baptism and the reception of the Holy Spirit, up through the resurrection and into the presence of God in the eternal judgment.

"The other point that I wished to mention is that of the gifts: early in the history of this movement the gifts were restored—prophecy, speaking in tongues, healing the sick, miracles, and all the ancient blessings. They have been freely enjoyed, as many thousands of living witnesses will testify. This is in harmony with the promises. Let me read again:

" 'But the manifestation of the Spirit is given to every man to profit withal. For to one is given by the Spirit the word of wisdom; to another the word of knowledge by the same Spirit; to another faith by the same Spirit; to another the gifts of healing by the same Spirit; to another the working of miracles; to another prophecy; to another discerning of spirits; to another the interpretation of tongues; but all these worketh that one and the selfsame Spirit, dividing to every man severally as he will. For as the body is one, and hath many members, and all the members of that body, being many, are one body: so also is Christ.' "

When David had finished, their visitor drew from his pocket a few sheets of paper and a gold-banded pencil. Having adjusted the point of his pencil, he made numerous notes. In explanation, he said: "I am noting the chief points

of difference between your people and others, such as authority, organic form of the church, doctrine, belief in gospel gifts, revelations, and so on. I shall study these things carefully.

"In the meantime I may admit that I have felt a power, a sweet and singular power here in this place that I cannot account for. If it is indeed of God, 'twould be heaven to live here. I could then understand why you endure persecution and are willing to die for your faith, and why you are so eager to preach it, and why you come together here from the ends of the earth."

He bade them a feeling good-by, and they imagined that there was a tear in his eye as he took his departure. "I may see you again, and I may not," he told them. "The chances are that I shall be called away soon."

He went down the walk, with his head bowed, but soon he lifted it and increased his stride, and they noted that he had begun to swing his cane vigorously.

"Will you convert him, David?" asked Mildred, anxiously.

David shook his head, "I think not," he answered. "He is much impressed, and he has the mark of the Spirit upon him, but I am afraid he will go away sorrowing, like the rich young man.

He would have to make a great sacrifice, from his viewpoint, to unite with our people."

The grandfather Nobleman had listened to the conversation, and now remarked, "You will find, David, that we make many more converts than we ever baptize. That is, many are convinced as to the soundness of our position, but they do not come to the point of making an open confession. They are like Nicodemus, they come and they go, and we hear no more of them.

"If all who are convinced were baptized the roll of the church would be enormous. As it is, our teaching is bound to affect the theology of the world profoundly, through these men who are impressed but who still hold aloof. Fifty or a hundred years from now the effect will be more apparent. Many of our unpopular teachings will then be more generally accepted, such for instance as divine healing and the second advent of Christ."

Chapter Twelve

NAUVOO AS SEEN BY REVEREND PRIOR

SOME little time after the departure of the Reverend Mr. Prior, David came home from the *Times and Seasons* office with the latest edition of that periodical so much prized by the Saints in those days, and so rich in historic interest now. It was evident that he had discovered something of interest in the new number.

When he had called the family together he said, "Mr. Prior may have left us rather abruptly, but he has written a very interesting account of his visit to Nauvoo, or a part of it at least."

"A VISIT TO NAUVOO

"By SAMUEL A. PRIOR, a Methodist Minister.

"*Mr. Editor;* I feel somewhat unwilling to go from this city, until I have returned my sincere thanks for the kind treatment I have received from all with whom I have had any intercourse, since I first came into this place. I must confess that I left home with no very favorable opinions

of the Latter Day Saints. I have had the misfortune to live always among that class of people who look upon a *Mormon* as a being of quite another race from the rest of mankind and holding no affinity to the human family.

"My ears had been so often assailed by the tales of their vice and immorality, that I could not but reflect, in spite of my determination to remain unprejudiced, that I should witness many scenes detrimental to the Christian character, if not offensive to society. My friends crowded around me, giving me many cautions against the art and duplicity of that deluded sect, as they called them, and entreated me to observe them closely, and learn the true state of their community. . . .

"On my arriving at Carthage, I accidentally met an old, and much-beloved friend, who was himself a member of the church. Having been apprised of my design in visiting the church of Latter Day Saints, he very kindly offered to accompany me to Nauvoo, the city of the prophet, but stated that he would be compelled to visit a little town called Macedonia, before he could go up, and wanted me to go with him, as it was only eight miles distant. . . .

"The next day at eleven o'clock, I had the

honor for the first time in my life, to hear the prophet preach; a notice of which had been circulated the evening before. I will not attempt to describe the various feelings of my bosom as I took my seat in a conspicuous place in the congregation, who were waiting in breathless silence for his appearance. While he tarried, I had plenty of time to revolve in my mind, the character and common report of that truly singular personage.

"I fancied that I should behold a countenance sad and sorrowful, yet containing the fiery marks of rage and exasperation—I supposed that I should be enabled to discover in him some of those thoughtful and reserve features, those mystic and sarcastic glances which I had fancied the ancient sagès to possess. I expected to see that fearful, faltering look of conscious shame, which, from what I had heard of him, he might be expected to evince.

"He appeared at last—but how was I disappointed, when, instead of the heads and horns of the beast, and false prophet, I beheld only the appearance of a common man, of tolerably large proportions. I was sadly disappointed, and thought, that although his appearance could not be wrested to indicate anything against him, yet

he would manifest all I had heard of him, when he began to preach.

"I sat uneasy and watched him closely. He commenced preaching, not from the Book of Mormon, however, but from the Bible; the first chapter of First Peter was his text. He commenced calmly and continued dispassionately to pursue his subject, while I sat in breathless silence, waiting to hear that foul aspersion of the other sects, that diabolical disposition of revenge, and to hear that rancorous denunciation of every individual but a Mormon.

"I waited in vain—I listened with surprise—I sat uneasy in my seat, and could hardly persuade myself but that he had been apprised of my presence, and so ordered his discourse on my account that I might not be able to find fault with it, for instead of a jumbled jargon of half-connected sentences, and a volley of imprecations, and diabolical and malignant denunciations heaped upon the heads of all who differed from him, and the dreadful twisting and wresting of the Scriptures, to suit his own peculiar views, and attempt to weave a web of dark and mystic sophistry around the gospel truths which I had anticipated, he glided along through a very interesting and elaborate discourse, with all the

THE NAUVOO HOUSE

From an oil painting by David H. Smith. The building was never finished.

care and happy facility of one who was well aware of his important station, and his duty to God and man, and evidencing to me that he was well worthy to be styled, 'a workman rightly dividing the word of truth,' and giving without reserve, 'saint and sinner his portion in due season'—and I was compelled to go away with a very different opinion from what I had entertained when I first took my seat to hear him preach.

"In the evening I was invited to preach and did so. The congregation was large and respectable—they paid the utmost attention. This surprised me a little, as I did not expect to find any such thing as a religious toleration among them. After I had closed, Elder Smith, who had attended, arose and begged leave to differ from me in some few points of doctrine, and this he did mildly; politely, and effectingly; like one who was more desirous to disseminate truth and expose error, than to love the malicious triumph of debate over me. . . .

"But there was one thing yet remaining. I had not yet seen Nauvoo, and so often having heard that it was the most degraded place in the world, the very sink of iniquity, and that all who lived there were liars, thieves, and villains, who

were the refuse of society, and the filth of the world, that in spite of my better judgment, I expected to see some traces at least, of that low prostitution which I had so often heard charged upon them.

"At length the city burst upon my sight, and how sadly was I disappointed. Instead of seeing a few miserable log cabins and mud hovels, which I had expected to find, I was surprised to see one of the most romantic places that I had visited in the West. The buildings, though many of them were small and of wood, yet bore the marks of neatness which I have not seen equaled in this country.

"The far-spread plain at the bottom of the hill was dotted over with the habitations of men with such majestic profusion, that I was almost willing to believe myself mistaken; and instead of being in Nauvoo of Illinois, among *Mormons,* that I was in Italy at the city of Leghorn, (which the location of Nauvoo resembles very much,) and among the eccentric Italians. I gazed for some time with fond admiration upon the plain below. Here and there arose a tall, majestic brick house, speaking loudly of the genius and untiring labor of the inhabitants, who have snatched the place from the clutches of obscurity,

and wrested it from the bonds of disease; and in two or three short years rescued it from a dreary waste to transform it into one of the first cities in the West.

"The hill upon which I stood was covered over with the dwellings of men, and amid them was seen to rise the hewn stone and already accomplished work of the temple, which is now raised fifteen or twenty feet above the ground. The few trees that were permitted to stand, are now in full foliage, and are scattered with a sort of fantastic irregularity over the slope of the hill.

"But there was one object which was far more noble to behold, and far more majestic than any other yet presented to my sight—and that was the widespread and unrivaled Father of Waters, the Mississippi River, whose mirror-bedded waters lay in majestic extension before the city, and in one general curve, seemed to gallop gallantly by the devoted place.

"On the farther side was seen the dark green woodland, bending under its deep foliage, with here and there an interstice bearing the marks of cultivation. A few houses could be seen through the trees on the other side of the river directly opposite, of which is spread a fairy isle, covered with beautiful timber. This isle and the

romantic swell of the river soon brought my mind back to days of yore, and to the bright emerald isles of the far-famed fairyland. The bold and prominent rise of the hill, fitting to the plain with an exact regularity, and the plain pushing itself into the river, forcing it to bend around its obstacle with becoming grandeur, and fondly to cling around it to add to the heightened and refined luster to this sequestered land.

"I passed on into the more active parts of the city, looking into every street and lane to observe all that was passing. I found all the people engaged in some useful and healthy employment. The place was alive with business—much more so than any place I have visited since the hard times commenced. I sought in vain for anything that bore the marks of immorality; but was both astonished and highly pleased at my ill success.

"I could see no loungers about the streets, nor any drunkards about the taverns. I did not meet with those distorted features of ruffians, or with the ill-bred or impudent. I heard not an oath in the place; I saw not a gloomy countenance; all were cheerful, polite, and industrious."

Chapter Thirteen

ANOTHER FOURTH OF JULY IN NAUVOO

July 4, 1843.—At a very early hour people began to assemble at the grove, and at eleven o'clock nearly thirteen thousand persons had congregated, and were addressd in a very able and appropriate manner by Elder Orson Hyde, who has recently been appointed on a mission to Saint Petersburg, Russia. At two o'clock they were again addressed by Elder Parley P. Pratt on redemption, in a masterly discourse, when I made a few remarks. A constant accession of numbers swelled the congregation to fifteen thousand, as near as could be estimated. Three steamers arrived in the afternoon; one from Saint Louis, one from Quincy, and one from Burlington. . . . On the arrival of each boat the people were escorted by the Nauvoo band to convenient seats provided for them, and were welcomed by the firing of cannon, which brought to our minds the last words of the patriot Jefferson, "Let this day be celebrated by the firing of cannon."

July 8.—Bishop Miller arrived from the pinery with one hundred and fifty-seven thousand feet of lumber and seventy thousand shingles for the temple.

July 21.—The "Maid of Iowa" sailed for the pinery in Wisconsin, with Bishop Miller, Lyman Wight, and a large company, with their families.—Joseph Smith's Diary.

A YOUNG man came whistling down the street from the temple and turned in at the Nobleman home. He walked bareheaded, with his long, black locks flung back from his high, white brow. He was tall and slight, with a faint flush of health showing under the clear

pallor of his skin. His eyes were dreamy, with the habitual abstraction of the poet. But they lightened suddenly at the vision that greeted him.

A young girl sat near the maple trees in the front yard, drying her hair in the bright July sunshine. The hair was as yellow as the sunlight, and it fell over her shoulders, a rippling cascade of golden sunlight.

The young man stepped to her side and passed his hand gently over the shining strands while he smiled tenderly into the blue eyes upturned to meet his gaze.

"Little sister, you are fast becoming a woman," he said. "The days fly past so swiftly here in busy Nauvoo that you will be quite grown up and very dignified before we know it."

"And you, David," answered Mildred, "are becoming a man. First we know you will be off on a mission to China or to the islands of the sea, like Brethren Grouard and Rodger."

But on this peaceful scene burst a third person, John Nobleman, apparently very much in a hurry and laboring under some stress of feeling. Though in the tense attitude of his figure there was a hint of resolute purpose, yet he spoke in his usual low and even tones, when he said:

"I have just come from the Temple Lot, where

Hyrum Smith had called a meeting of the brethren. We have learned by special messenger that Brother Joseph was assaulted and kidnapped by armed men while visiting relatives at Inlet, near Dixon, in Lee County. With guns to his breast and under threat of death they compelled him to go with them. It is supposed that they intend to carry him to Missouri, where he will surely be killed. But the citizens at Dixon have interfered and spoiled their plans for the time being. A great many of the brethren have volunteered to go at once to endeavor to see that he is protected, and if there are officers, to see that he has proper legal counsel and a fair hearing. I am going as soon as I can get Thunderbolt."

In a very few minutes he reappeared, riding down the alley, and waved them good-by as he went tearing up the hill road on the black horse, making the pebbles fly in his haste to join the other men on this errand.

Thereafter they did not see him for five long and anxious days, whereupon he came riding down the hill again, apparently in a mood as leisurely as it had been hurried at his departure. His tired horse and travel-worn appearance indicated that the ride had been hard and long.

After informing them that Joseph was safely

in Nauvoo again, he would not talk further until he had stabled his faithful nag, washed himself, and changed his clothing. Then, seated at the table, for it was then three o'clock and he had not yet eaten, he told his story:

"It seems," he said, "that two men, Reynolds, of Jackson County, Missouri, and Wilson, of Carthage, Illinois, came after Brother Joseph with a writ charging him with treason against the State of Missouri. They appeared suddenly at the home of the Wassons, where Joseph was staying, and finding him in the yard, fell upon him and abused him vilely, prodding with pistols and threatening to shoot him.

"They refused to show any papers and threatened all who approached. They would scarcely permit his wife to bring him a hat and coat; indeed they did not do so until Brother Stephen Markham interfered at the risk of his life and held the horses' bridles until Sister Emma could bring the hat and coat. They put him in a wagon and hurried off towards Dixon, still holding pistols at his sides and threatening to kill him.

"Every request for legal counsel was met with the threat of death. At Dixon they went to McKennie's tavern and thrust him into a room, ordering fresh horses to be ready in five minutes.

They intended to rush him into Missouri without a hearing. Seeing a person passing his window, he called out, 'I am being falsely imprisoned without counsel. I want a lawyer.' Accordingly Lawyer Southwick came, but the door was slammed in his face and he was told that he would be shot if he interfered. Lawyer Patrick came and received the same treatment.

"This being noised about town, raised the ire of the citizens, who soon gathered about the tavern and told Reynolds and Wilson that such proceedings would not be endured, that Brother Joseph must have counsel if he wished it. Accordingly, with very poor grace, they admitted Lawyer Southwick, and Brother Joseph asked for a writ of habeas corpus."

"What is a writ of habeas corpus?" asked Mildred, who had been listening, round-eyed, to the story.

John paused and smiled, with the air of satisfaction that a man wears when about to enlighten the feminine mind on subjects of law or politics. "A writ of habeas corpus," he replied, "is a writ designed to protect against false imprisonment. It requires one who is holding another in custody to bring him before a court, to 'produce the body,' before a court, as the term

means, that the legality of his detention may be inquired into. It grew out of early attempts to safeguard personal liberty, and runs back in common English law nearly to the Magna Charta.

"Well, finally the party was detained by the citizens until the next day, when the master-of-chancery arrived with a writ of habeas corpus returnable before the Honorable John Caton, of the Ninth Judicial Circuit, at Ottawa, LaSalle County, and the writ was served on Reynolds and Wilson. To add to the legal complications, Brother Stephen Markham sued out a writ against Reynolds and Wilson for threatening his life, and writ was taken out against them by Brother Joseph, this time from the circuit court of Lee County, for private damages to the sum of ten thousand dollars, and Reynolds and Wilson were placed in charge of the sheriff of Lee County, not being able to give bonds.

"The party then started on towards Ottawa, going as far as Paw Paw Grove, about thirty-two miles. Here they halted and quite a crowd gathered in the room where Brother Joseph was lodged. They wished him to speak, but Reynolds objected, whereupon some of the bad blood that at times appears between States was manifested.

An old man by the name of David Town, who is lame and carries a heavy walking stick, advanced upon Reynolds, and said, 'Sit down, you infernal Missouri puke. Don't open your head until Mr. Smith has spoken. If you never learned manners in Missouri we'll teach you that gentlemen are not to be imposed upon by nigger drivers. You can't kidnap men here. We have a committee here in the grove that may sit on your case, and it is the highest tribunal in the United States, for from its decision there is no appeal.' So Brother Joseph, though a prisoner, was permitted to preach to them.

"At Paw Paw Grove they learned that Judge Caton was absent on a visit to New York, so the party doubled back to Dixon. The writ issued returnable before Judge Caton came back indorsed, 'Judge absent,' and a new writ was granted. This time returnable before the 'nearest tribunal in the Fifth Judicial District, authorized to hear and determine writs of habeas corpus,' and the sheriff of Lee County served it on Reynolds and Wilson.

"To cut a long story short, they determined to start for Quincy, and go before Judge Stephen A. Douglas. Accordingly on the 26th, three days after the trouble began, they rode about forty

miles and put up for the night. The next day they went on, taking dinner at Geneseo. A little later the first of our men from Nauvoo met them, the expedition having been divided into two or three companies. The party moved on to Andover and put up for the night. The next day the party moved as far as a farmhouse about six miles out of Monmouth. During the night Reynolds and Wilson arranged with the son of the landlord to slip away to Monmouth, raise a mob, and come and take Joseph by force and convey him to the Mississippi. The sheriff of Lee County becoming aware of the plan, ordered them to an upper room, and set a guard.

"The next day the party proceeded, leaving Monmouth on the left and Oquaka on the right. It was then learned, on consulting legal advice, that the Municipal Court of Nauvoo was the nearest court competent to pass upon a writ of habeas corpus, and much to the chagrin of Reynolds and Wilson the party turned its steps in that direction. That night was spent at the home of Michael Crane on Honey Creek, where Brother Joseph exhibited to us his sides still black and blue from being prodded with the pistols of Reynolds and Wilson, and this morning the whole company, now quite large, because of

the addition of our party, started for Nauvoo at eight o'clock. At half past ten we stopped at Big Mound and decorated the bridles of our horses with the flowers of the prairies, and soon met other citizens come out to greet us. Brother Joseph was permitted to get out of the buggy and mount his old horse Charley, his favorite riding horse, and the band played, and we had quite a triumphal entry.

"What threatened to be a tragedy became a sort of comedy. Reynolds and Wilson had been outwitted at the game of writs, and their show of force had been frustrated by the citizens of Dixon. So now all came to the last place they had thought of visiting, Nauvoo. Brother Joseph was the prisoner of Reynolds and Wilson, and they in turn were prisoners of the sheriff of Lee County, so that no one could escape The case will be heard before the municipal court, and appeal may be taken to a higher tribunal, so justice will not be thwarted."

"Where is the party now?" inquired David.

"Well, just now, Brother Joseph and his family and about fifty friends are at dinner. He invited Reynolds and Wilson to dine with him, and they are seated at the head of the table and Sister Emma is serving them with the best she

has at hand, in return for their cruel treatment when they refused to permit her to say good-by to her husband at Inlet. I think they are sadder but wiser men."

"Hurrah for Brother Joseph and Sister Emma!" cried David. "That is the idea—heap coals of fire on their degenerate heads. If they have no hearts—why, appeal to their stomachs."

The aged grandmother had listened with strained attention to the recital. She settled back in her chair, looking more frail and waxlike than ever, her sightless eyes turned heavenward: "How long, O Lord, how long must we be hated and driven and murdered?" she whispered. "I see that these men will never rest until they have spilled the blood of the Prophet and driven us from this place where we thought to find rest. Is there no peace anywhere for the children of God?"

They tried to comfort her, and at last she took a more cheerful view of the situation.

"I am glad that Brother Joseph was returned to freedom by legal means and that our men restrained themselves and used no show of force," she said. "Some of our men are so quick spoken and positive that I feared great trouble. When Joseph and Hyrum Smith, and Lyman Wight,

and Sidney Rigdon, and others were taken prisoners in Missouri by Generals Lucas and Wilson, General Wilson took Brother Wight to one side and said to him, 'Wight, I believe you to be an honest and brave man. If you will turn state's evidence and swear to what you know about Joe Smith we will spare your life.' Brother Lyman replied, 'Very well. I will testify that so far as I am acquainted with Joseph Smith I know no one more honest or more philanthropic, having a greater zeal and love for his country and its laws, or one who would strive more for the peace and happiness of mankind than Joseph Smith.' The general then began to swear and said, 'If you testify in that way you will be shot with the others.'

"I do not think Brother Wight should have replied just as he did, but he was a man who feared nothing on earth, and it was a time that tried men's souls."

"How did he reply?" asked John, curiously.

"He said, 'Shoot, and be damned!' "

John laughed. "I would not call that an oath," he said, grimly. "I would call it a prophecy. He evidently felt sure under the circumstances that if they did shoot they would be damned."

The grandmother went on: "Those men, seven

in number, were all tried by court martial without any opportunity for proper defense, and were sentenced to be shot at the public square, at Far West, at the very spot where the Saints had planned to build a temple.

"The order to General Doniphan read, 'You will take Joseph Smith and the other prisoners into the public square of Far West, and shoot them at nine o'clock to-morrow morning.'

"But General Doniphan, may the Lord reward him, was a brave and true man. He replied, 'It is cold-blooded murder. I will not obey your order. My brigade shall march for Liberty to-morrow morning, at eight o'clock; and if you execute those men, I will hold you responsible before an earthly tribunal, so help me God!'

"General Doniphan's action was all that saved them. He was a brave man, and ran the risk himself of court martial. But we all felt that Providence had used him to intervene in our behalf. The order was never executed, for they must have feared his threat. They knew that he was right and they wrong."

"Thus does conscience make cowards of us all," quoted David. "They were afraid because they were in the wrong. But you cannot blame

Brother Joseph for refusing to be dragged into Missouri again."

The attempt to kidnap Joseph Smith created great excitement in all parts of Illinois, but particularly so in Nauvoo, as was quite natural. With no rapid means of conveying news, as we now have in the telephone system, the city was left long in doubt and anxiety, and different expeditions sent in search of the prophet scoured the country far and near. One expedition had gone out on the *Maid of Iowa* down the Mississippi River to the Illinois River and up the Illinois River as far as Peru, LaSalle County, having heard that an armed force from Saint Louis had gone up that river on the *Chicago Belle* with the intent to seize Joseph Smith and make way with him.

They passed the *Chicago Belle* hard aground in an island chute just above Pekin, and went on their way as far as Peru. They did not get back to Nauvoo until Sunday, July 2, two days after the safe return of Joseph Smith.

Last of all, on the third, about noon came trailing in a company of men under Charles C. Rich. With them was French La Barron, who immediately sought out his friend, John Nobleman, to recount his adventures.

The little French Canadian was as joyous as ever, his round face fairly beaming. His account greatly amused David and Mildred, and added a touch of the ridiculous to the incident.

"We go from de main body Monday mornin' at McQueen Mills," he said, "all on horseback, wit' de one baggage wagon an' de instructions to prozeed to Peoria, and so on to Ottawa. We travel all de first day until de next mornin' at t'ree o'clock when we mak' de camp. But all early at sunrise we were gone again, all day an' mos' of de night, mos'ly wit'out de road of any kin'. We camp again, an' so on, t'rough a little village, so small, where ev'y one gape an' stare an' run after us wit' many questions. Till at de last Doctor Ells, who was behin', an' carry de so long face, lak de horse, an' look so ver' pious, turn an' spik to all those who ask de question, 'We all go hunt de nest of de wheelbarrow.' "

David and Mildred laughed until tears came into their eyes, for they could picture the solemn-faced Doctor Ells drawling out this ridiculous answer to the mystified villagers, so disturbed by the passage of a company of mounted men. Thus encouraged and with a broad grin on his face, French La Barron continued his story to the end.

Really it had been no laughing matter. These

men had traveled five hundred miles, almost without sleep, and without change of horses, during a period of excessive heat. They had reached Ottawa before turning back. Yet they came back laughing and rejoicing, and having composed a new song en route, they gathered in front of Joseph's home on their arrival and sang it for his edification.

The municipal court discharged Joseph Smith from custody and a complete copy of all proceedings was forwarded to Governor Ford. That official later denied the request of Reynolds and Wilson for state troops to take Joseph Smith from Nauvoo, and decided that the proceedings connected with his release had been entirely legal.

. . . . . .

In such an atmosphere Independence Day dawned upon Nauvoo in 1843. At its close, in the gloaming of the evening came David and Mildred to report the day to their Grandmother Nobleman, as was their custom.

"It has been a wonderful, wonderful day," cried Mildred, throwing her arms about the neck of the white-haired grandmother. "You should have seen John, so tall and big and grand, riding in the procession on Thunderbolt."

"Where were the meetings held?" asked the grandmother.

"In the grove. It was estimated as early as eleven o'clock that nearly thirteen thousand persons had assembled."

"I think," said David, "that the estimate may be too high. We are always inclined to overestimate a crowd; but there was certainly a tremendous gathering. There must have been at least ten thousand at that hour, and three steamers came in the afternoon, one from Saint Louis, one from Quincy, and one from Burlington, bringing eight or nine hundred more people with them."

"It was grand to see them come in," broke in Mildred again, taking up the thread of her story. "As each boat came in, the band met it and conducted the passengers to the grove, where they were saluted by cannon and were located in sections provided for them."

"Elder Orson Hyde spoke at eleven o'clock and a collection was taken up to help him build a house, so that he may be free to go on his proposed mission to Saint Petersburg. And in the afternoon Elder Parley Pratt spoke, and afterward Brother Joseph made a few remarks, dealing with his late experiences."

"What did Brother Joseph say?"

"I can give you a part of what he said," replied David, "for I wrote it down while he was talking."

Taking some notes from his pocket he read:

"If the people will give ear a moment, I will address them with a few words in my own defense in relation to my arrest. In the first place, I will state to those that can hear me that I never spent more than six months in Missouri, except while in prison. While I was there, I was at work for the support of my family. I never was a prisoner of war during my stay, for I had nothing to do with war. I never took up a pistol, gun, or sword: and the most that has been said on this subject is false.

"I have been willing to go before any governor, judge, or tribunal where justice would be done, and have the subject investigated. I could not have committed treason in that State while I resided there, for treason in Missouri consists in levying war against the State or adhering to her enemies. Missouri was at peace, and had no enemy that I could adhere to, had I been disposed; and I did not make war, as I had no command or authority, either civil or military, but only in spiritual matters, as a minister of the gospel.

"This people was driven from that State by force of arms, under the exterminating order of Governor Boggs. I have never committed treason. The people know very well I have been a peaceable citizen; but there has been a great hue and cry about Governor Boggs being shot. No crime can be done but it is laid to me. Here I was again dragged to the United States Court and acquitted on the merits of the case, and now it comes again. But as often as God sees fit for me to suffer, I am ready; but I am as innocent of crime alleged against me as the angels in heaven. I am not an enemy to mankind; I am a friend to mankind. I am not an enemy to Missouri, nor to any governor or people.

"As to the military station I hold, the cause of my holding it is as follows: When we came here the State required us to bear arms and do military duty according to law; and as the church had just been driven from the State of Missouri, and robbed of all their property and arms, they were poor and destitute of arms. They were liable to be fined for not doing duty when they had not arms to do it with. They came to me for advice, and I advised them to organize themselves into independent companies and demand arms of the State. This they did.

"Again: There were many elders having license to preach, which by law exonerated them from military duty; but the officers would not release them on this ground. I then told the Saints that though I was clear from military duty by law, in consequence of lameness in one of my legs, yet I would set the example and would do duty myself. They then said they were willing to do duty, if they could be formed into an independent company, and I could be at their head. This is the origin of the Nauvoo Legion and of my holding the office of lieutenant-general.

"All the power that I desire or have sought to obtain has been the enjoyment of the constitutional privilege for which my fathers shed their blood, of living in peace in the society of my wife and children, and enjoying the society of my friends and that religious liberty which is the right of every American citizen, of worshiping according to the dictates of his conscience and the revelations of God.

"With regard to elections, some say all the Latter Day Saints vote together, and vote as I say. But I never tell any man how to vote or whom to vote for. But I will show you how we have been situated by bringing a comparison.

Should there be a Methodist society here, and two candidates running for office, one says, 'If you will vote for me and put me in governor, I will exterminate the Methodists, take away their charters,' etc. The other candidate says, 'If I am governor, I will give all an equal privilege.' Which would the Methodist vote for? Of course they would vote en masse for the candidate that would give them their rights."

The day had been pleasant, the weather fine, and nothing had disturbed the peace of Nauvoo for the time being. But the Saints little dreamed that this was to be the last peaceful and happy Fourth of July that they would celebrate in Nauvoo.

The next two weeks were busy and happy weeks for the Nobleman family. John and David helped in the work of hauling the lumber from the raft to the hill where it was to be used in the temple. Their evenings were spent in excursions to Prince David's Chamber, or in loitering at David's Lookout. But the summer was hot and dry, with never a drop of rain, so that their excursions were somewhat marred, and the wild flower garden languished.

Often, too, they rowed upon the river in the evening, enjoying the wonderful moonlight as it

flooded the wide and wild expanse of waters, or admiring the dim outlines of the temple, beginning to take form on the great hill.

But at last these happy days came to an end, and on the twenty-first day of July John Nobleman again took his departure for the Wisconsin pinery, this time going on board the *Maid of Iowa,* with Bishop Miller, Lyman Wight, and a large company with their families.

Chapter Fourteen

LETTERS FROM NAUVOO

September 23, 1843.—Bishop George Miller returned from the pinery. He reported the water in the Black River so low that they could not get their raft into the Mississippi.

November 23, 1843.—Met in council in the old house; then walked down to the river to look at the stream, rocks, etc., about half past eleven a. m. Suggested the idea of petitioning Congress for a grant to make a canal over the falls, or a dam to turn the water to the city, so that we might erect mills and other machinery.

December 31, 1843.—At early candle light, went to prayer meeting; administered the sacrament; after which I retired. At midnight, about fifty musicians and singers sang Phelps's New Year's Hymn under my window.

February 20, 1844.—At ten a. m. went to my office, where the Twelve Apostles and some others met in council with Brothers Mitchell and Stephen Curtis, who left the pinery on the Black River, January 1.

March 8, 1844.—Very heavy rain all night, accompanied by thunder. Bishop Miller arrived from the pinery.—Joseph Smith's Diary.

On the right hand, as we entered the house, was a small and very comfortless-looking barroom; all the more comfortless, perchance, from its being a dry barroom, as no spirituous liquors were permitted at Nauvoo. . . .

The clouds had parted when we emerged from the chamber . . . and there was time to see the temple before dinner. General Smith orderd a capacious carriage, and we drove to that beautiful eminence, bounded on three sides by the Mississippi, which was covered by the holy city of Nauvoo. The curve in the river inclosed a position lovely enough to furnish a site for the Utopian communities of Plato or Sir Thomas More, and here was an

orderly city, magnificently laid out, and teeming with activity and enterprise.—From Figures of the Past, by Josiah Quincy, who visited Nauvoo April 25, 1844.

THE course of events in Nauvoo is boldly sketched in a letter from David to John Nobleman, dated March 10, 1844:

"*Dearest Brother John:* Bishop Miller arrived from the pinery day before yesterday, bringing letters and packages from you. We were much interested in the beaded moccasins that you sent and in the buckskin coats, the blankets, and the furs. Bishop Miller visited us and gave us many interesting items concerning you and the life in the pine woods. We could still smell the breath of the forests on his person. He says that Brother Wight estimates that you can deliver nearly one million feet of lumber in Nauvoo by the last of next July. How hard you must have worked. That will be enough to build both the Nauvoo House and the temple. All efforts now, however, will be to complete the temple. The Nauvoo House must wait its turn.

"Having read your letters we must needs get out the ones received September 23 last, when Bishop Miller arrived on his former trip down the river. And having finished those we turned for comfort to the packet received the 20th of

February when Mitchell and Stephen Curtis came down.

"Then when we had finished them all, everyone was perfectly silent for a long time, until Mildred heaved a big sigh that sounded so tragic that we all laughed rather hysterically. Of course she blushed rosy red, because the sigh had surprised her as much as any of us, though it some way expressed the feeling of the whole family. Then we all fell to talking at once, even grandmother, who is whiter and more waxlike than ever.

"Well, for the news. Did we write you that we have a young men's debating society? Well, we have. Organized last November, the 23d. Memorable day. For who knows how many Socrateses and Demostheneses and Ciceroses or Patrick Henry's may come out of it. We meet regularly to discuss various topics—religions, politics, agriculture, history, current events, what not. Some wonderful themes are discussed, I assure you, and some remarkable views aired. 'Twould make you laugh no doubt to hear us callow youths state our mature views with all the conviction of inexperience.

"But truly it is doing us good. It trains us to think on our feet, and to express ourselves. Prob-

ably no one of us will ever set the world afire, which is fortunate, because we might not know enough to put it out again, but at least we will acquire some confidence in ourselves, and will learn some things, as we have to study, I assure you, to defend ourselves, for we have some members who are as sharp as tacks and as quick as lightning.

"Yes, and we have city police. Forty of them were sworn in on the 29th of December last, with Captain Jonathan Dunham as high policeman and Charles Rich and Hosea Stout as first and second lieutenants. That same day, Joseph Smith as mayor, gave them their charge. Among other things he said: 'Ferrit out all grogshops, gambling houses, brothels, and disorderly conduct.'

"You see some of the scum of the earth is gathered up in the whirlpool, and lodges here in Nauvoo. But it must be put down.

"Some might think that because this is a city of the Saints, only Saints should be found here. But light a candle and every moth under heaven is drawn by its rays. Some of the most rattle-brained creatures in all the realms of lunacy are attracted here; and some of the most wicked men on earth come here to ply their trades in alcohol,

gambling, thieving, and even murder, and the church gets the blame for it, though all her teachings are honest and virtuous and temperate. And we are blamed, too, for every desperate and evil deed done by men anywhere in the regions roundabout. Not a horse can be stolen between here and Timbuctoo but it is blamed to Joseph Smith.

"But enough of this. As was wisely observed at our debating society last week, 'Reputation is what people think of us; but character is what we are.' If we do our duty and live our religion we need not worry overmuch when all manner of evil is said against us falsely—in fact, I believe, come to think of it, Jesus said that we should rejoice under those conditions, for so we become in a way, partners with him. That was his lot. He, too, was called a glutton and a winebibber.

"The new year began with us very happily, though we missed you very much. Sunday night, the very last day of the year, prayer service was held, and Brother Joseph administered the sacrament. We had a very pleasant yet solemn meeting and thought it a fine way to close the year. After the meeting Brother Joseph went home and went to bed. But about midnight fifty of us gathered under his window and serenaded him. We sang Brother Phelps's New Year's

hymn. It was very impressive, down there by the river, at midnight, of the New Year. The night was warm, with occasional rain.

"Brother Joseph, you know, is now living in the 'Mansion House,' as it is called, where he has been with his family since last September or some time thereabout. The Mansion House is run as a sort of lodging house, in order that visitors from abroad, of whom there are many, and most of whom wish to inquire about our work, may be properly housed and cared for and receive a decent and truthful account of our belief and activities. It is one of the few taverns all up and down the river where no intoxicating liquors are allowed.

"You will be interested in the temple. When the autumn frosts set in we had made good progress. The walls are now above the windows of the first story, and some of the circular windows are laid. It is hoped that the walls may be completed and the roof put on another summer. Many are careless, but on the other hand many are very zealous. Hundreds of the sisters have banded together and pay a penny a week to help buy the nails and glass. It is all some of them can do, but if thousands are induced to do likewise it will make no inconsiderable sum.

"God has said that he will give us ample time to complete this temple. It is a sort of test; if we are careless and slothful, and do not prosecute the work, we can only expect to be chastized, perhaps driven and scattered again.

"Many practical as well as spiritual things engage our attention. Brother Joseph has suggested a dam across a part of the river, to the island, to develop power for factories and mills, and a canal around the rapids to Keokuk to accommodate river traffic.

"Also meetings are to be called for the purpose of organizing cooperative stores and industries, so as to give more employment to our own mechanics, and bring the comforts and necessities of life within the reach of all at reasonable cost. Our ambition is to build a city where equality and justice shall prevail; one like the city of Enoch, where there shall be no rich and no poor, but where every man who is willing to work may receive according to his real needs and just wants, and where the poor and helpless will be cared for.

"We may fail now, but sometime the church will realize that ideal. Pray God that it may be our lot to succeed.

"To-day is Sunday. There was a frost last

THE "MANSION HOUSE"

August 31, 1843.—"I commenced removing into the Nauvoo Mansion."—Joseph Smith's Diary.

night, but to-day it is clear and beautiful, with a south wind blowing. Morning meeting was held at the stand in the open air, near the temple, and Brother Joseph preached on the work of Elijah.

"In the afternoon the Presidency, Twelve, Bishop Miller, and the temple committee met in council at the Mansion House. It is reported that a communication from Lyman Wight and others who are with you in the pine country was read. Probably most of the things in it are known to you, but not to me, excepting that it is said that they want advice about preaching the gospel to the Indians.

"At the service to-day the choir and all the congregation sang the hymn, 'Israel is free':

"Israel, awake from thy long, silent slumber,
Shake off the fetters that bound thee so long;
Chains of oppression; we'll break them asunder,
And join with the ransomed in victory's song!
Arise! for the time has come,
Israel must gather home,
High on the mountains the Ensign we see;
Fall'n is the Gentile pow'r,
Soon will its reign be o'er,
Tyrants must rule no more,
Israel is free!

"Tremble, ye nations of Gentiles, for yonder
The hosts of the despot in battle array,
With engines of war shake the earth with their thunder—
The bright sword is drawn and the sheath thrown away;

Sound the alarm of war,
Through nations near and far,
Let its dread tones be heard o'er land and sea;
Zion shall dwell in peace,
Israel will still increase,
Liberty ne'er shall cease,
Israel is free!

"Hail to the land of the mountain and prairie,
Gather to Zion's fair home in the west;
Free are her sons as the breeze round the aerie—
Birthplace of prophets and home of the blest.
There will the Saints be one,
Thither we'll gather home,
Zion, thy beauties we're yearning to see;
Saints raise the heav'nly song,
Join with the ransomed throng,
Angels the notes prolong,
Israel is free!

"My, what a thrill went through my being to the swing and majesty of that typical hymn of the latter days: 'Israel, awake from thy long, silent slumber.'

"And then imagery of the wars that are to come on the earth:

"When the engines of war shake the earth with their thunder—
The bright sword is drawn and the sheath thrown away."

"Surely the Spirit testifies that great wars shall come upon the earth in the last days, and war shall even be poured out upon our own nation. It is well known that so long ago as '32

Brother Joseph prophesied that war should come upon this land, beginning at South Carolina, and that the Southern States should be divided against the Northern States and that many souls should perish and that afterward war should be poured out upon all nations. Possibly you and I shall live to see some of these things.

"There is romance, religion, the spirit of poetry in the air. At times I can feel it—breathe it. Fate has thrown us among strange scenes. How humdrum other lives appear by comparison. Here we live in a wonder city created almost over night, a city of ideals, a city of Saints drawn suddenly together from the very ends of the earth, yet all knit in one common belief. A city where prophets commune with Jehovah. A city where men 'hazard their lives for Christ Jesus,' as Paul said of old. A city around whose borders cruel enemies rage. A city where martyrs build their characters and harden their fiber to resist the terrors of death.

"Wonderful city, so lovely under the silvery moon, held so lovingly in the great arm of the Mississippi; a city so beautiful under the noonday sun. A city where men build temples as Solomon did of old, obedient to the commandments of God. My heart leaps within me. My

spirit exults, that I am permitted to live in such a city at such a time, and to be part and parcel of such a people. The world may say what it pleases of them, but you and I know how true and honest and sincere they are. Pray God that designing leaders may never lead them into iniquity. Yet sometimes I feel that such a time may come.

"To-night Mildred and I went to David's Lookout and watched the sunset. There was such a wonderful display of colors, orange, old gold, violet, purple. Flanking the sunset was a line of dark clouds of fantastic shapes from which we could select animals and wonderful creatures of unearthly shapes to suit our fancy.

"A caravan of camels, for instance, filed past over a yellow desert and disappeared under palm trees. A wonderful city with golden domes grew up in a few moments and then faded away. And then finally came a great black monster such as John might have seen, one with diverse heads and many horns, and with one of his huge mouths he swallowed up the blood-red sun and sank below the horizon. Shall we ever see the sun again?

"So Mildred and I ran home and lighted the early candles for grandmother, and now Mildred is reading to her and to Grandfather Nobleman

while I write. Mildred is the best and loveliest girl in the world. Mildred—but then you do not like a tune on one chord, so I forbear."

. . . . . .

A later letter written, dated June 23:

"*Dear Brother John:* I am writing this very late at night. Alarming events have occurred in Nauvoo of late. Added to the constantly increasing threat of mob violence from Warsaw, Carthage, and other points, we are even more alarmed by defections within the city, for it seems that we have harbored some traitors, and, alas, the discovery of their treachery has so stirred our people that measures possibly too drastic have been adopted, and the traitors thereby have been given an added power to appeal to the wrath of the mobs while the mobs have been given a new pretext to justify their violence.

"Among those who have turned against us within the city are Robert Foster and William and Wilson Law, who were expelled from the church for unchristianlike conduct last April, and Francis M. Higbee and a few others expelled about the middle of March.

"It seems that these men had become sour and disgruntled for various reasons, among others

disappointment in certain commercial ventures they have indulged in. All the time they were secretly plotting the ruin of the Saints. Their exposure and expulsion but added to their fury, and on the seventh day of this month they came out with the first issue of a paper called the *Nauvoo Expositor*.

"This paper was filled with the most vile, slanderous, and scurrilous stories imaginable, calculated in nature to inflame the whole surrounding country and bring the mob upon us at once.

"The city council met to consider the case. They were not willing to sit by and allow such work to continue. It seemed sufficient to them that they should be threatened from without, and this danger from within they determined to remove. By formal vote they declared the paper a public nuisance and ordered the mayor to have the paper and establishment removed.

"Accordingly the mayor, Joseph Smith, issued an order to the marshal, John P. Green, who with a posse went to the office and destroyed the type, press, and fixtures.

"Francis M. Higbee immediately posted away to Carthage and caused the arrest of Joseph and Hyrum Smith and some fifteen others on a charge of riot. They were tried before the munic-

ipal court and discharged. Subsequently those arrested submitted to rearrest, on the advice of Judge Thomas, and were tried again before Daniel H. Wells, justice of the peace, not a member of the church, as you know. They were again acquitted.

"On the fourteenth Brother Joseph made a full report of the entire matter and offered to appear before any legal tribunal at the State capital, providing the governor had any doubts of the legality of the proceedings.

"But all this time the press at Warsaw and elsewhere was opening its pages to the most awful stories that you could imagine, so that public indignation is constantly increasing. It is evident that many will not be satisfied with anything short of the murder of Joseph Smith and the destruction of the city. Yet this day Joseph and Hyrum decided to go to Carthage and surrender themselves for trial, trusting to Governor Ford to protect them, and hoping thus to save the city from attack.

"They have gathered horses for an early start to-morrow. Brother Joseph expressed a desire to preach to the Saints once more, even if it were to be by starlight, as he seems to feel that he

may never see them again; but for some reason his wish was not gratified.

"Captain Dan Jones is just in with his boat, from Warsaw. He says that great excitement prevails there. The mob had a cannon and threatened to fire into his boat. They told him that Nauvoo would soon be destroyed and every man, woman, and child in it put to death.

"The most awful hatred is manifested. I cannot account for it all excepting that the powers of darkness are at work clouding the minds of the people. They seem to feel, as Jesus said, that they would be doing God service to kill us all. Of course some of this hatred is due to commercial jealousy. Nauvoo is growing by leaps and bounds. She is leaving Carthage and Warsaw far behind in growth and prosperity, in initiative and enterprise. This is keenly felt.

"Then there is jealousy between the Carthage Greys and other local bodies of militia as against the Nauvoo Legion. And certain Missourians have never given up the pursuit of Joseph and have sought to inflame the people of Illinois against him, and have repeatedly sought to kidnap or kill him. And perhaps greatest of all is the fact that our religious belief is so repugnant to many. We believe in continued revelation

and divine blessings of every character, and this seems to be taken as a personal affront by members of every church, all of whom deny these things. They seem to feel that if we are right they are wrong, and accordingly they turn against us. As grandfather says, religious bigotry is truly the blackest root that ever grew up and bore the bloody fruit of martyrdom.

"But all of these things together do not account for the situation, even after allowing fully for the mistakes that our own people undoubtedly have made. Possibly a mistake was made in the *Expositor* matter, but certainly it is not a capital offense. It could be settled in the courts. It should not endanger the lives of men and the existence of the city. It is used only as a pretext.

"But the powers of evil seem disposed to destroy us by some means and to bury our message under such a mass of calumny and filth that none will ever care to give it even a hearing. That is exactly what we might expect if indeed our claims regarding a restoration be true. It is but an added evidence. The Devil is acting as we might expect him to act in view of the nature of our work. If we were of the world the world

would love us, for as Jesus says, the world loves its own.

"I do not know how I will get this to you. In this time of alarms our mail service is practically suspended. I have not seen old Kis-Kish-Kee of late. He has formed the habit of calling on us periodically, walking in unannounced, and usually bringing some woodland offering. But for some time he has not been here, or I might get him to carry a message to you.

"This letter is hastily written and my candle burns low. I wished to acquaint you with the troubled condition of the Saints. I fear for the lives of those who go to Carthage to-morrow. The air is full of alarming rumors.

"Yours,

"David Nobleman."

Chapter Fifteen

THE TRAGEDY AT CARTHAGE

I am going like a lamb to the slaughter; but I am calm as a summer's morning. I have a conscience void of offense toward God, and toward all men . . . I shall die an innocent man . . . and it shall yet be said of me, He was murdered in cold blood.—Joseph Smith's farewell.

Joseph Smith, claiming to be an inspired teacher, faced adversity such as few men have been called to meet, enjoyed a brief season of prosperity such as few men have ever attained, and finally, forty-three days after I saw him, went cheerfully to a martyr's death.—Josiah Quincy, in "Figures of the Past."

AT SIX o'clock on the morning of June 24, 1844, a cavalcade of some twenty-five horsemen gathered on the field near the home of Joseph Smith. Eighteen of these men, includ- Joseph and Hyrum Smith, were under arrest, charged by Francis M. Higbee with riot in the destruction of the *Nauvoo Expositor* press. They were going voluntarily and without guard to surrender themselves for trial at Carthage, the county seat of Hancock County, eighteen miles away. Their road lay through a hostile territory where many men sought their lives, yet they were not provided with an armed escort by the powers

that summoned them, and they were forbidden to take an armed escort from the city.

There was the inevitable delay, bustle, and confusion, tightening of saddle girths, subduing of refractory mounts, running of errands for forgotten articles, and finally the party got under way at half past six and rode up the hill at a smart gallop.

At the top of the hill, as they reached the temple, they halted for a time while Joseph looked long and lovingly at the temple, the beautiful city on the slopes of the hill, and the broad river shining in the early morning light of a June day. With a sigh he turned away at last and the party passed silently out of the city, but paused at the home of Esquire Wells, a nonmember of the church, who was ill at the time. Joseph bade him good-by, according to report saying, "Esquire Wells, I wish you to cherish my memory, and not think me the worst man in the world, either."

The party then proceeded on its way, expecting to go directly to Carthage, knowing that a hostile populace awaited their arrival, but trusting to the fair promise received from Governor Ford, that they would be protected. They had traveled at an easy gait about fourteen miles, or to a point about four miles west of Carthage,

near the farm of Albert G. Fellows, when they were confronted by a party of armed men about sixty in number.

This spectacle caused some excitement, but Joseph said, "Do not be alarmed, brethren, for they cannot do more to you than the enemies of truth did to the ancient Saints—they can only kill the body."

It was soon learned, however, that this was a company of militia commanded by Captain Dunn, who desired an order from Joseph for the State arms at Nauvoo. This he signed, expecting to continue his journey. Here Joseph said good-by to Henry G. Sherwood, who was returning to Nauvoo, and it was then that he is reported to have said to the company about him:

"I am going like a lamb to the slaughter; but I am calm as a summer's morning. I have a conscience void of offense toward God, and toward all men. If they take my life I shall die an innocent man . . . and it shall be said of me, 'He was murdered in cold blood.' "

But the heart of Captain Dunn failed him and he begged the company to return to Nauvoo with him and oversee the gathering of the arms. So to their surprise the little cavalcade of horsemen found themselves returning to Nauvoo—they

were caught in the seesaw of injustice that seemed to play with their destiny for a time.

The people at Nauvoo were loath to give up the State arms, as they regarded the entire proceeding as a preparation for another massacre such as they had experienced in Missouri. But they respected the demand made in legal form, and by six o'clock that evening the arms had been collected, much to the surprise and pleasure of Captain Dunn.

Organized bodies of militia throughout the country, hostile to the Saints, were permitted to keep State arms, and to use them, but the Nauvoo Legion having been previously disbanded, was now disarmed. Twice during the gathering of the arms Joseph rode down to his home by the river and bade his family a lingering good-by. He was solemn and depressed and seemed to sense that he would never return alive. His little cavalcade again started for Carthage somewhat ahead of Captain Dunn's troops.

They stopped again at the Fellows farm, at nine o'clock in the evening, and ate their suppers. Here they were joined an hour later by Captain Dunn and his company.

They rode into Carthage at five minutes before midnight, having been in the saddle most of

the time since early morning. Among all the twinkling lights of the prairie town not one shed forth a friendly gleam of welcome, and as they passed the town square where the Carthage Greys were in camp, ribald shouts and jeers greeted them.

"Where is the damned prophet?" they yelled. "Stand away you McDonough boys (Dunn's men) and let us shoot the damned Mormons. Damn you, old Joe, we've got you now. Clear the way and let us see Joe Smith, the prophet of God! He has seen the lăst of Nauvoo!"

These were the men who were selected later by Governor Ford to guard the jail where the Saints were confined.

Followed by this hooting, yelling, cursing rabble, the cavalcade proceeded to the door of Hamilton's Tavern, where the men finally found lodging for the night, under the same roof that sheltered some of their bitterest enemies, and their doubtful protector, Governor Ford.

. . . . . .

Naturally the people in Nauvoo were left in a state of great mental distress and anxiety. Their two leading spiritual directors and advisers were under arrest. They learned that an added charge of treason had been filed against Joseph and

Hyrum and that they had been lodged in jail. Rumor brought them threats that these two men would never be allowed to escape; that some realizing the charge of treason could not be sustained had decided to take the law into their own hands, and had epitomized the hostile sentiment something like this: "The law will not reach these men, but powder and bullets will." For once rumor was too well founded.

Nauvoo was virtually in a state of siege. The mails had been discontinued for some days. Messages came in and out only by special express. Twelve or thirteen hundred enemies were armed and encamped at Carthage. There were six hundred more at Warsaw. Other bodies of men were preparing to come from points in Missouri.

The Nauvoo Legion had not proved a means of defense. In fact, its very existence had been a detriment, because it created alarm and hatred among those who did not understand its purpose, and the most intense jealousy among rival forces of militia, such as the Carthage Greys, while in the hour of danger word had come from the State authorities to disband and disarm, and they, not being willing to act contrary to the State, were left powerless and defenseless.

Thus the time wore on in alarm and distress

THE CARTHAGE JAIL

until the twenty-seventh day of June dawned. On this day Governor Ford made his now famous visit to Nauvoo. Finding to his own satisfaction that the militia under his charge were not to be depended upon, as they were in fact an organized mob determined to kill Joseph Smith and sack and burn Nauvoo, and fearing that they might carry out their plans, he had disbanded most of them, excepting the Carthage Greys and a personal escort.

With a strange perversion of judgment, if indeed he wished to save the men whose lives he had pledged his sacred word as governor to protect, he left the Carthage jail guarded by but eight men, members of the Carthage Greys, and marched away to Nauvoo with his guard.

He arrived at that place about four o'clock in the afternoon and called the people of Nauvoo together to hear an address. He gave them some warnings, some threats, and some more fair promises that their leaders should be protected and given a just trial. He asked them if they were willing to obey the laws of the land even in opposition to their leaders, and putting the question to vote was much delighted to find that all voted to sustain the law under all circumstances. He did not know that a cardinal principle of the

church had been announced by Joseph Smith, namely, "He that keepeth the laws of God hath no need to break the laws of the land."

Having accepted the hospitality of Emma Smith, wife of the Prophet, at the Mansion House, he finally departed with his train, just as the sun was sinking to rest. At half past six they passed up Main Street, the guard indulging in sword exercises, clearing the street with passes and thrusts, designed to impress the Saints.

But while he had been partaking of the hospitality of Emma Smith and haranguing the Saints on obedience to law, strange and violent scenes of lawlessness had occurred at Carthage where he had left his prisoners unprotected among the wolves. In fact, as he rode from the town of Nauvoo the governor halted two messengers hastening in with tragic news, and very much frightened he gathered them into his train and fled towards Carthage.

The men confined in the jail, Joseph and Hyrum Smith, John Taylor, and Willard Richards, had passed the day as best they could, with reading, writing, and singing. Yet they knew their peril, and ere the night fell all knew that their fears were justified.

At about five o'clock, probably at the time

when Governor Ford was haranguing the people at Nauvoo, a mob of men numbering one hundred and fifty or more, painted black and yellow, slipped from the fringe of woods adjoining Carthage, and ran forward to the jail. They quickly encircled the building on their deadly errand, paying no attention to the mock guard which yelled and fired its guns over their heads in sham defiance. They burst open the door, and some charged the stairway, while others covered the windows with guns.

In a few minutes of shouting, cursing, shooting, and confusion, in an excess of fury and concentrated hatred, their work was done, and suddenly panic-stricken they fled away, leaving the dead and wounded victims of their passion behind them. Their panic soon communicated itself to the city, and ere long whole families were leaving the town, fearing a revenge that the people of Nauvoo neither contemplated nor ever sought for.

Chapter Sixteen

JOHN NOBLEMAN RETURNS

IN mid afternoon of June 28, 1844, a canoe swung lightly around the bend in the river above Nauvoo and drew in towards the shore. In the frail bark, so graceful in design and so light upon the water, rode Kis-Kish-Kee and John Nobleman.

They landed, and John Nobleman leaped ashore, and stretched his cramped limbs. He looked about him in surprise, noting that the landing was absolutely deserted, a thing most unusual. He lifted his black slouch hat from his head and wiped the sweat from his brow, for he had paddled rapidly.

Then after a word to his aged Indian companion he ran up the river bank and hastened homeward. But again he was surprised to find the door ajar and the premises apparently deserted. He passed through the living room and the kitchen, and into the rose garden, calling, "David; oh, David! Mildred! Mildred! where are you?"

Receiving no answer, he went upon the street

again, but could see no one in the neighborhood. Suddenly alarm fell upon him. It seemed at once as though a black pall of sorrow settled down around him. Or rather the joy of his homecoming that had made him impervious to the atmosphere of the city was dispelled, and suddenly he sensed that he stood in a city of appalling gloom, though the nature of the trouble he could not guess.

Thoroughly alarmed, he ran up the street towards the hill. Soon he saw others on the street, all going in the same direction. He overtook an old man, breathless and hatless, hastening towards the temple. John caught him by the shoulder and demanded to know the nature of the disaster that seemed to have overtaken the city. But the old man only looked at him with vacant eyes and fought him off, apparently unable to answer.

He pressed on rapidly, again determined to come to the root of the matter. On Mulholland Street he found thousands of people assembled on either side of the street, as far as he could see. He asked breathless questions of several, but all looked at him with the same strained faces and abstracted gaze, without replying.

He heard the note of a trumpet and the muf-

fled roll of a drum. And presently far down the street, whither every eye was turned, he espied the front of a procession. As it drew near, a shudder seemed to run through the crowd. Sobs and lamentations, not loud but deep, heart-rending, seemed to accompany it, like the waves following in the wake of a funeral barge.

The procession drew abreast of him. There was a wagon, bearing some burden, covered with green boughs. There were many men on horseback, the city council, former members of the Legion, and citizens. And suddenly he knew intuitively that the burden in the wagon under the green boughs was the mortal remains of Joseph and Hyrum Smith. They had come that day from Carthage, accompanied by Samuel Smith, Willard Richards, and Mr. Hamilton.

Standing rigid, stricken by the monstrous news that he had gripped from the air, the shuddering groans of the people in his ears, John Nobleman suddenly became aware of a hand that had grasped his firmly. He looked around abstractedly, as others had done before him, and saw David Nobleman and Mildred standing at his side. He drew his hand across his brow as though to brush away a phantasy of the mind, but the procession still persisted.

David smiled, pityingly, understandingly, and said, "Yes, they have killed Joseph and Hyrum. Their work is done, their testimony sealed with their blood. As the last positive proof of their sincerity they have given their lives. They might have fled away and escaped at any time up to the day when they went to Carthage; but they did not, and I am glad they did not."

The three followed the procession down the hill to the Mansion House, where the unconscious forms were carried behind the doors of that place which had been home to them while living and where their weeping families awaited them. The eight or ten thousand people who had assembled were addressed by Doctor Richards and others, and all resolved, as advised, to trust the law for redress for the wrongs they had suffered. They put from them any thought of violence or revenge and dispersed.

Behind the closed doors sad scenes were enacted. The bodies were washed and dressed by Dimick B. Huntington, William D. Huntington, and William Marks. It was a happy incident that Marks, president of the Nauvoo Stake, who had been so faithful to Joseph in life, and who was to become counselor to his son in later years, should assist in this last sad function.

The cruel bullet wounds, of which there were many, were filled with cotton, saturated with camphor, and the bodies were covered with clean white shrouds—arrayed in white raiment, typical of the righteousness of Saints, and then the family came in to review the silent clay that had so recently been intelligent and animated.

Then came little Joseph, the oldest son, destined to continue his father's work in later years, and falling upon his knees laid his cheek against the cheek of his father, who had never before refused to respond to his caress, and kissing him, cried, "Oh, my father, my father!"

Came also his aged mother, crying in her distress, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken this family!" and hearing the answer, "I have taken them to myself, that they might have rest."

Came also the faithful wife, even then overshadowed by impending motherhood, thus cruelly overwhelmed after so many years of trial. But let us draw the curtain on these sad, intimate scenes.

The following day, Saturday, at eight o'clock the doors of the Mansion House were thrown open, that the Saints might come and take a last look at their Prophet and Patriarch. All day long, until five o'clock that evening a steady

stream of weeping humanity flowed in at the west door of the Mansion and out at the north door.

A public funeral was held; but later, privately, and at night, the bodies were buried in a secret grave, the exact location of which even to this day, is known only to a few. Even in death their bodies were not safe from the hatred and wrath that had pursued them. In this unknown grave they rest, on the hill slope, close to the murmuring waves of the Mississippi.

We can hardly imagine the gloom that settled over Nauvoo following the assassination of the Prophet and Patriarch. The Saints felt that they were left, for the time being, at least, as sheep without a shepherd, and at the mercy of the wolves.

Winged slander that had precipitated the tragedy still flew to and fro in the land. For instance, Governor Ford himself tells how the committee at Warsaw called the citizens together by the ringing of bells and related to them that a company of Saints had attempted to rescue Joseph and Hyrum Smith; that the governor with his party had been attacked in Nauvoo and was even then besieged, and had sent word that he could hold out for two days but would surely be

massacred unless help arrived ere the end of that time.

On the strength of this wild report an armed party actually embarked on a steamboat from Quincy to go to the rescue of the governor. This story was of a piece with all the wicked and silly rumors that had inflamed the countryside and fanned public opinion to the pitch where nothing but the expulsion or extermination of the people at Nauvoo would ever bring satisfaction—and after that, sober second thought would never, never find satisfaction.

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Like all other homes in Nauvoo, the Nobleman home was a home of sorrow. At night the members of the household sat in the big living room, before the open fireplace. The flickering light of the wood fire threw dark shadows along the walls, or dimly revealed the books and paintings and the subdued occupants of the room.

Grandmother Nobleman sat in her accustomed chair, her nearly sightless eyes gazing into space, seeing none knew what scenes of the tragic past. Grandfather Nobleman paced back and forth, back and forth, across the room, as was his habit, tall and straight, limping slightly from his

Haun's Mill wound, his fine old face sad and thoughtful.

In another chair sat John Nobleman, and on the one arm of the great homemade chair perched Mildred, while on the other sat David. Each had an arm about the neck of the returned brother —one was the arm of a brother, the other the arm of an angel, but a passionate angel, an angel of fire and light. John Nobleman did not think of it as the embrace of a foster sister. And as he thought of the dangers that threatened Mildred, as they threatened every woman in the mob-menaced city, he clenched his hands and a great rage welled up in his breast.

But it was followed by a greater sorrow, and afterward by peace, for the gentle touch soothed his spirit at last, and even in danger and doubt, just over the horizon the eyes of youth saw happier days.

They recounted their experiences. John Nobleman told how old Kis-Kish-Kee had suddenly appeared in the camp with the peremptory demand that John come with him—"Younger brother need you very much bimeby," was all he would say. "Much trouble in Nauvoo soon!"

He had yielded to the Indian's command and they had made a rapid trip down the river. Mil-

dred and David in their turn told all that they knew about the events that had happened.

"We must prepare to defend ourselves," cried John Nobleman. "We must get the Legion together again. Surely there are many private arms not belonging to the State that we can gather up. I am told that Governor Ford has sent word that we are now at liberty to defend ourselves if the worst comes to the worst. He realizes too late our danger. He must see now who are the aggressors, who the lawbreakers, who guilty of treason."

William Nobleman paused in his walk. In his eyes in the dim light they could see the prescient look of second sight that sometimes characterized him and David.

"I am not concerned about the mobs," he said. "Jesus said that we should not fear him who has power only to kill the body. I fear for the church in her period of doubt and uncertainty. There will be ambitious leaders arise. There will be false teachers. Already some have sought to teach false doctrine, as Bennett with his spiritual wife system, and only a few weeks ago Brother Joseph was obliged to publish a notice in the *Times and Seasons* expelling an elder who had taught polygamy.

"I fear for the integrity of the Saints, lest they be betrayed by designing leaders, and the wolves that Paul mentioned in his day enter in and despoil the flock. We should arm ourselves against such dangers—not against flesh and blood, but against principalities and powers and spiritual wickedness in high places."

Chapter Seventeen

THE RIFT IN THE LUTE

THE chill of late autumn was in the air despite the brilliant fall sunshine. As David and Mildred walked the streets of Nauvoo, now lingering in the shadow of the temple walls, now loitering along Mulholland Street, again standing long at David's Lookout, they noted constantly the sound of feverish industry.

There was everywhere the insistent ring of the hammer, the musical clangor of the anvil, the roar of the forge. Yet there was a new sound in this chorus of industry. It was not as when hammer and saw and trowel blended their notes in the happy labor of home building. The difference filled the hearts of the two with foreboding. Feeling impending danger, as though sensing possible separation, they drew closer together. Mildred slipped her hand into David's arm and gripped it tight, as though imploring him to hold her from some unseen but real peril. He patted the hand and smiled into her eyes reassuringly, but the somber look in their depths was not lightened. "Oh, David!" she whispered, under her

breath, and caught at her bosom with her free hand.

All those hard-working men in all those busy shops were manufacturing wagons, and the accouterments for wagons. David spread out his hands and smiled ruefully. They were calloused and blistered, for he, too, had taken his turn at the work, dividing his time between hammer and paint brush.

Every blacksmith shop, every wagon shop, every forge was busy. Cooperages had been converted into wagon factories. Scores of private dwellings and barns had experienced the same fate. Men were shaping wheels, beating out and welding tires, fashioning wagon tongues, drawing and bending wagon bows, building wagon beds, cutting and shaping wagon covers. The noise of the hammer, the anvil, the forge had been in their ears almost day and night.

And there were committees hurrying to and fro, disposing of property: selling it at a song, trading it for road gear, almost giving it away. Every visible activity portended an exodus. The two shivered as though smitten with a chill, and the sober, anxious look on Mildred's countenance deepened.

"David," she said, "I cannot decide who is

right in this matter; you or John. I wish we could go back only a few years to the old days when we saw eye to eye; when we were so happy; when Brother Joseph was here and there were no forebodings and whisperings of strange things to come; no divisions among the faithful."

After they had looked their fill at the river below them, the two turned from David's Look-out and went down the hill towards home. At the open door of a carpenter shop they paused and hailed those within. John Nobleman came to the door. His sleeves were rolled to the elbow, he wore a carpenter's apron, and his clothing was flecked with sawdust. The floor under his feet was littered with resinous, sweet-smelling shavings. In his hand he held a drawing knife, and they could see that he had been working on the spokes of a half-finished wagon wheel.

He smiled and greeted them gayly, no hint of their trouble in his eyes. He seemed stronger, more athletic, self-poised, and confident than ever before.

"Come, put by your work for the day, brother John," urged David. "You will be sure to come back and work in the evening. Lay off now for a while and come home with us."

Mildred joined in the plea, and finally John

Nobleman doffed his apron, swung himself easily into his coat, clapped his big black hat on his head and set off with them, one on either side of the foster sister Mildred, now in very fact a young woman, possessed of every charm that her girlhood had promised. David and Mildred walked hand in hand, and at times John Nobleman seemed to scan them with a speculative, brooding eye, as though he would determine their exact relationship to his own satisfaction, yet seeming to find no satisfaction.

They reached the home and, entering, paid their respects to the aged grandmother, now entirely confined to her bed, and to the tall, straight-shouldered, white-haired grandfather who attended her every want so faithfully.

"Is that you, David?" queried the grandmother, in the quavering, high-pitched voice of the aged. She reached forth her hand and touched his face to verify his answer.

"I hear strange things these days, David," she went on. "They try to keep things from me, I am so old and blind and deaf and useless. But I hear things. I hear things. I hear hammers and saws. I hear talk about another drive. I hear about the attack on our settlements in the country in September. They say the 'fire and

sword party,' as it is called, burned nearly two hundred of our homes and turned the men and women and children out in the night. I hear, too, that all the people have decided that we must go or be killed. They were quiet for a time after Joseph and Hyrum were murdered. But now they are thirsty again for blood. The folks try to keep these things from me, but I hear them. And I lie here and think about many things. Must I be driven again, David, in my extreme old age?"

David placed his hand tenderly upon her silvered hair, and while tears obscured his vision and a catch came into his voice, he answered, "No, grandmother, you shall not be moved again unless you consent. You shall stay here if you wish to do so, even if you and I fill one grave together."

The aged woman sank back again apparently satisfied. John Nobleman listened closely to this dialogue and a troubled look came into his eyes, but it was followed by one of almost stubborn determination. However, he did not speak.

David passed out into the rose garden back of the house. The maple tree, like the rosebushes, was devoid of leaves. They had showered down in scarlet and golden profusion and now lay un-

der his feet, brown and sere. Yet he had kept up his painting at intervals, using the garden as a studio, in spite of the lateness of the season. He loved to work here, where first we met him at his business of painting the miniature.

There stood his easel, as he had abandoned it earlier in the day. It supported a canvas of noble proportions. Evidently this was one of his most ambitious undertakings. In fact, it was his picture of the building of the temple, or as he had named it, "Timbers for the temple." He sat upon his stool and scanned his work thoughtfully, then paced to and fro in the garden, pausing at times to look at the canvas.

The scene portrayed the familiar temple site. There were the unfinished walls of stone. Busy men were toiling upon the walls. In the foreground workmen were shaping rugged timbers, recently from the forest, soon to be fitted somewhere into the interior of the temple structure.

In the background, dimly seen, spiritual in aspect, appeared the faces of the ancient prophets who had foreseen the great restoration. And at one side, apparently unnoticed by the workers, stood a heroic figure, that of the Savior. With thoughtful gaze he watched the strenuous labor-

ers, apparently by silent will power directing their activities.

The young artist had begun this picture some years earlier, and it had grown with the temple. At first he had worked with rapturous abandon. Every stroke had been sure. The design was clear in his mind. A spiritual blessing seemed to overshadow him as he worked on. The colors flowed from his brush as words of truth from the tongue of an inspired preacher.

But of late a sad change had come. Confusion seemed to have come upon his work. In spite of himself he had painted into the face of the Savior a sad expression, that became almost agonized as the picture grew. The faces of the prophets receded. The forms of the laborers became more animal. The spiritual element vanished. And strangely, he discovered that almost unconsciously he had painted in another figure that began to eclipse the figure of the Savior. A dominant, brutal, insistent figure that would not be resisted, whose shadow fell blackly across the foreground. The same figure that was now rising colossal to dominate for a time the destinies of the church, the sinister figure of a powerful, unscrupulous man.

When John Nobleman first saw this figure he

looked curiously at David and said, "That is a remarkable picture of Brigham Young. But you are giving it too much prominence. It takes attention to the exclusion of Jesus."

David had tossed back his hair with his characteristic gesture, and laughing sardonically, replied, "I think that I am not giving it more prominence than events justify. We shall see," and with another stroke of the brush he strengthened the militant and brutal jaw of the dominant figure, whereat the figure of the Master seemed further to recede into the background.

John had looked at him frowningly and said, "You don't trust Brother Brigham, but I tell you he is a great man. A wonderful man. He is our only hope now."

"Our only hope?" queried David. "Then my types are not confused. My picture progresses true to the situation." And poising his brush for a moment, with a few sure passes he further obscured the face of the Savior.

"David," cried John Nobleman, angrily, striking his fist into his palm, "what has come over you? I cannot understand you at all." Checking himself, mindful that this was not their first unpleasant controversy, he strode away.

Now David recalled this altercation. He paced

to and fro and studied the picture in the fading light. "It is no use," he exclaimed at last. "A change has come, or at least is coming. If the temple were finished, which it will not be, it would no longer be the temple of God. If I were to finish this picture it would not be a picture of the temple of God."

Picking up the big knife that Kis-Kish-Kee had given him and which he often used about his work, he thrust it through the canvas, and running the blade rapidly around within the frame, stripped the canvas from its setting, leaving the frame empty. He held the canvas a moment in his hands, and then with quick, strong gestures tore it into strips which he threw upon the ground.

"Some day," he soliloquized, "I will paint another picture, quite a different one, of temple building. But then my timbers shall be men and women, and Jesus will be the architect, and no man shall dare to intrude upon his work."

At that instant Mildred came running from the door, and, seeing the havoc which he had wrought, gave a cry of distress and fell upon her knees on the dead grass before the empty frame.

"Oh, David, what have you done? What have

you done?" she cried, disconsolately. "You have ruined the splendid picture over which you have worked so long."

At her call John Nobleman joined them and a moment later Grandfather Nobleman came hastening out, limping more than formerly, for his Haun's Mill wound troubled him greatly. They stood looking in wonder at the empty frame.

"What does this mean?" demanded John Nobleman, accusingly, a challenge in his voice. "What new freak has seized you?"

Unabashed, his brother ran his fingers through his hair with his accustomed gesture, and answered, "Too much Brigham—if you must know. I started out to paint the temple, but it became a portrait—too good a portrait. I am glad it is off my hands."

John turned upon his heel, evidently too angry to trust his voice, and strode into the house. David stooped and tenderly helped Mildred to rise. He led her sobbing to the house.

"Don't weep, little sister," he begged. "I had to do it. Some day you will understand why I painted as I did, and why I destroyed the picture."

A moment later the face of French LaBarron appeared at the door. He flashed his white teeth

in a smile of greeting and beckoned to John Nobleman. Without a word John joined him and they went away. Their pleasant evening had been ruined. Indeed there seemed to be no more pleasant evenings in the Nobleman home.

After John had gone, William Nobleman stood for a long time, his fine old face shadowed with melancholy thoughts and the look of second sight in his eyes. Finally he turned to David and said, "You painted the picture too well, David. This man Brigham is assuming the position of a dictator in a church that God designed to be democratic to the extent that it is not theocratic—in which common consent should rule under the divine guidance. He is maturing his plans to elevate himself to the position of president of the church, and will do so as soon as he gathers the reins in his hand securely enough to suit his purposes. Without the prophetic gift or calling he will usurp the prophetic office, or try to do so, to the exclusion of the one properly called and set apart to that place, who will yet be revealed in the due time of the Lord."

The old man paused a moment and then continued, "Yes, and he will privately bring in damnable heresies, even as Peter predicted. I foresee that great shame and loss will come to the

people because of him. Families will be divided, as ours is being divided, and that will be but a type of the church. Blessed are those who shall stand firm and maintain their integrity in the times that are before us. I shall not live to see the full development of these things, nor will your grandmother, but you will, David, and you will stand firm, for you have an inkling of the situation. But your brother John is blinded, and it is useless to reason with him."

Chapter Eighteen

AN APOSTOLIC SUMMONS

THE thin edge of dissension had entered between the two brothers; the wedge that was to split families asunder and scatter the church during the "dark and cloudy day." The rapidly occurring events of that fall and winter of 1845-46 soon brought matters to a crisis in the Nobleman home.

It was only a few days after the incident of the ruined picture when David, returning from the temple, passed through the rose garden and entered the home from the rear. His attention was attracted by the sound of conversation.

"Who is here?" he asked of his grandfather.

"Brigham Young," the older man answered, and continued uneasily, "He has been talking with Mildred for an hour."

Without hesitation David walked on to the veranda. He found Mildred seated on a corner, and by her side, in such a way as to prevent her withdrawal, sat Brigham Young, talking to her in an earnest but smiling manner. The girl looked disturbed. Her woman's intuition had

warned her in some subtle way. But her reverence for a supposed high and holy spiritual leader was in conflict with her intuitions. She heard the warning but hesitated to accept it.

"Mr. Young," said David, bowing, "pardon me for disturbing your conversation, but my sister has a very important engagement at once. I am sure you will forgive her if she leaves you."

The brow of the visitor darkened, and he hesitated. The girl leaped to her feet with apparent relief, and having made an apology, withdrew. Brigham stared hard at the intruder with mingled insolence and anger in his glance, but neither spoke further. And a moment later David joined his sister.

"Where to, David?" she said. "Where is this engagement?"

"In King John's chambers," he replied, gayly. "I made the date for you with the sunshine and breezes."

"But what will Brother Young think?"

"I don't know; I'll not attempt to say what he thinks nor what I think. I am going thus far by faith and not by sight—by intuition and not by reason. But promise me, Mildred, never trust yourself again in that man's presence alone. Give

no heed to any advances that he may make in the name of religion or under any other guise."

They took their way along the river bank and up the deep ravine to the secluded cloister among the rocks and trees, known by them as Prince David's Chambers, or King John's Chamber, as David sometimes called it.

Clambering up the rocky side of the falls they went to the summit and sat down side by side where they could look down into the tree-sheltered, rock-walled chamber, out over the river valley through the branches of the trees, and up into the blue heavens.

David sighed happily. "Out here in the woods," he said, "every care leaves one. We get a spiritual quickening here."

He was silent a moment and continued, "I wonder if all men are so sensitive to color. I presume not, or they would talk more about it, though no doubt all are affected by it. But sometimes masses of color in nature seem to seize me suddenly and rivet my every attention. They run through my being like music. There is the same harmony in color that there is in music. The two are related; some day their relation will be studied out, no doubt; the chromatic scale and

the musical scale are certainly in some sort of accord.

"Look now at the delicacy of color in those bare branches of the trees outlined against the blue sky. See those great masses of white clouds all through the sky. How ravishingly deep blue the sky back of them in contrast! A divine artist piled those clouds. How white they are, as clean and pure as an Easter lily; and how cool and clean and blue the sky. Why, you can look right into it and up and up, immeasurably, to God. It seems that we can see into heaven from here."

He was silent, and Mildred did not speak, for she loved to hear him talk when he was in such a mood. Again he continued:

"I had a peculiar experience at one time in these woods alone. I cannot describe it so that you can appreciate it. But to me it was very real. I was wrapped in contemplation, and it seemed to me that my spirit became independent of my body, or was quickened in some way so as to come in touch with all animate things about me. It seemed that every leaf and twig and blade of grass, every butterfly and bird, every flower and fern became vocal, and I could hear them praising God.

"Even inanimate matter became vocal and I

could realize its struggle upward towards life and expression. I sensed, felt, heard, the struggle for life. I saw, too, that all these things were governed by law, and were subject to limitation; and I saw their relationship to other things, the stars for instance, how that all creation is bound together by law and related and interrelated. I never before sensed so clearly the unity of all things and the overlordship of God."

. . . . . .

The two talked for a long time, and returned homeward rested and strengthened from their forest vigil. But the next day there was renewed trouble. Coming as before from the town, David found the family engaged in some sort of council. Mildred held in her hand a note which she was regarding with troubled countenance.

"What have we here?" demanded David as he entered.

Mildred looked up. "It is a summons from Brother Brigham Young to appear at his office," she answered. "He wishes to see me alone. What can it be?"

"You shall not go," replied David positively. "Certainly not alone."

"But I must go," the girl answered. "We have

been told much of late to obey counsel, and this request comes directly from Brother Brigham."

"Say rather command," retorted David, with unaccustomed shortness. "And do not brother this Brigham too much till you have learned the nature of his business."

"David, you are far too suspicious," remonstrated John. "Can not you trust our own churchmen? What earthly harm can there be in her answering Brother Brigham's request? Probably he wishes to see her about some temple work among the women, or something of the kind."

"If it is so innocent, I must hear it myself," scoffed David. "I am suddenly become as curious as a woman. Get your hat, little sister, and we will go together and investigate this matter."

"I insist that you are too suspicious."

"And I that you are too blind. Do you remember what the fool said to King Lear about the geographical location of a man's nose in the middle of his face?"

"I don't remember. No."

"Well, he said that a man's nose is in the middle of his face to keep his eyes on either side of his nose, so that what he cannot smell out he may spy out."

He was stubborn in his decision and in the

end went away with Mildred to the office of Brigham Young, now occupying a tower room in the temple.

As they approached the door they were halted by a sentry. David recognized him as Porter Rockwell, a man for whom he entertained a profound detestation, a man thus described by a certain historian: "In stature Rockwell was small, but heavy and compactly built. His eyes were little blue peepers, his features small, and his florid face always wore an expression of mingled disgust and contempt, as if something were constantly offending his olfactory nerves. He usually dressed in Brigham's homespun, and he wore a faded felt hat turned up at both sides."

The sentinel halted them. "Have you the password?" he inquired.

"Yes," answered David, looking squarely at him. "I have every password that is needed among brethren in any honest business."

"The girl may pass," replied Rockwell; "she has an engagement with Brother Young. You will wait here, please."

Pushing past him, David swung the door open and walked in, followed by Mildred.

At a paper-littered desk sat Brigham Young

and one of his associates. He looked up from his work and stared at David.

"I beg your pardon, Brother Nobleman," he said at length; "have you some business with us?"

David removed his hat, tossed his brown locks back from his high forehead, and replied coolly, "I believe not. Your business, I understand, is with my sister Mildred."

Brigham bowed smilingly to the girl, and invited her to be seated. Then he turned again frowningly to David and said, "We wish to talk with Miss Mildred alone. You will be good enough to retire?"

The two looked squarely at each other for a moment, but David did not flinch. "I am here by her permission," he answered. "I prefer to remain."

Wrath was gathering on the apostolic brow, but Brigham restrained himself, and said again, "Our business is with your sister. It is of a private nature. It does not concern you."

The young man answered, "You can have no business of a legitimate nature with my sister that I may not hear discussed. I shall most certainly not leave the room until she is quite ready to depart."

The girl sat with blanched cheeks. She twisted

her fingers together nervously, and with her eyes begged David to remain. Throwing off his mask of politeness Brigham struck the desk with his fist. "Young man," he shouted, leveling a finger at David, "you will do well to learn to obey counsel."

"I have already learned to do that," the youth replied, "but I have taken Jesus Christ as the man of my counsel."

"You will surely lose your membership in the church," warned Brigham.

"Even so, I may save my soul."

The autocrat struck the table again viciously, and went on in a threatening tone, "If you persist in your attitude of rebellion this will not be a safe town for you to live in. Look to yourself! I will not be responsible for your safety!"

A smile flitted across the face of the younger man. "I fear not him that has power to kill my body, but rather him that would cast both body and soul into hell," he answered.

Without another word Brigham whirled back to his desk, turning his back upon them. David looked at him a moment, almost quizzically, then turned, and donning his hat, bowed to Mildred to precede him out of the door.

"Go down the street one block," he whispered to her, "then turn and wait for me."

He paused outside the door and engaged the sentinel in conversation until he saw Mildred turn and knew that she was watching. Then he turned his back on the sentinel and joined her. They turned the corner sharply and hastened home.

"Why did you have me walk ahead in such a funny way?" the girl asked.

He laughed gayly, and replied, "That was what our military friends would call a strategic withdrawal."

But he soon became conscious that he was a marked man. Former friends turned from him, apparently reluctantly, but as though under command or duress. Little groups engaged in pleasant conversation suddenly fell silent and dispersed when he approached. A new word began to trail him. It was the word *apostate*.

And there were even more painful experiences falling to his lot, as to the lot of others who had dared to oppose the rising spiritual czar of the future western empire. One of these was best described by French LaBarron.

He met William Nobleman on the hill and

halted him. Looking cautiously about him, he said:

"David meet de whittling squad. Dey whittle de steek an' try whittle heem out of de town."

"What do you mean?" asked the older man. "What is this about whittling David out of town? Is this some of your jokes, LaBarron?"

"Is it de joke I mak? For what I joke about David? You not know de whittle out of town beezness. What you call it—de gang—of men meet de apostate—he is so call—and wit' de so sharp bowie knife all together whittle de stick in his direction an' keep heem on de move ver' fas out of town. He come not ver' often back for de keek, you call heem—de hint suffice."

"Good heavens! Is that kind of work really going on? And did they try that on David?"

"I have said et."

"What did the boy do? Where is he?"

"Zat iss de joke. He jes lift de haid lak' he do, and smile—all serene an' he say, 'You mus tink mee de poor steek, to be whittle' away so easy lak dat.' An' he walk right toward de knife an' dey all part and let heem walk troo, an' he go home whistling. No one touch heem wit' de knife—no one follow heem."

William Nobleman's old eyes lighted with a

fleeting gleam. "That was David," he said; "he never would ride in the Legion, but he was as brave as any of them. But who ordered this dastardly deed?"

LaBarron looked about him again, and stepping to the old man's side whispered a word.

"Are you sure? Are you telling me the truth?"

The Frenchman stepped back. "Did I evair tell you de lie?" he asked.

"Never, LaBarron, never. But you are sure it was Brigham——"

The Frenchman checked him with a gesture. "Say not de name," he said. "De var' fields an' vineyards have ear. But I know vat I say. Neffer min' how I know."

He paused a moment and continued, "Would you know de proposition he would mak' to mademoiselle, de sister?"

William Nobleman looked at the man again keenly. "Yes," he answered.

The Frenchman stepped to his side again and whispered a half dozen sentences in his ear. William Nobleman started and his face paled, and then grew black with unaccustomed passion.

"Once more, LaBarron, do you know this to be the truth?"

The Frenchman laughed. "Shall you require de oath, de grip, from your frien'?"

"No," the other answered hotly. "Curse the oaths and grips. There has been too much intrigue here of late."

The Frenchman laid a hand on the other's arm. "Have a care," he admonished. "Counsel wit' Monsieur David. Let not de tongue betray de haid."

John Nobleman refused to believe the story, and when David came tramping in late that night from an excursion to the woods he upbraided him for his suspicions and unbelief.

"Take care lest you become an apostate," he warned David.

"One can only apostatize when he abandons truth and accepts error instead," replied David. "Have a care for yourself, brother, lest under the insidious leadership of others you permit the brand of apostasy to burn your own soul. Now is the time to stand by the old truths, to be guided by the three books."

"David, you harp too much on the books. Brother Brigham tells us to go by the living oracles. Are you become a Methodist, with nothing but books to talk of? Where then is the spirit of revelation?"

"The spirit of revelation will lead in harmony with the books, and if we walk not by the books there will soon enough be no more divine revelation, but only false and evil ones," David answered.

"Brother Brigham can explain it all," said John eagerly. "I had a talk with him to-day."

"I do not care for his explanations," replied David. "His arguments are too personal. One of them passed through my hat rim as I came in the back way to-night."

He removed his hat and showed a bullet hole through the rim.

John looked troubled and angry, but persisted, "The work of some Gentile assassin! It would go hard with him if I were to catch him. But you must put the blame upon your own brother."

"Brother me not to Brigham," retorted David. "Have we fellowship with seducers?"

The older brother was clearly angry, but restrained himself with an effort. "You are too suspicious, too harsh," he remonstrated. "Brother Brigham explained it all to me. He wished to see Mildred on an innocent matter; but he resented your suspicions. He wished to test her. And those ruffians with knives were not acting under his orders."

David shrugged his shoulders hopelessly. He marveled at the singular power this man had obtained over his brother, and the, to him, evident darkness that had fallen upon his brother's mind. He was yet to learn how fully that strange power was to be exercised over many capable and good men, to their ruin and shame.

"You will yet see," he contended, "that evil will come out of this man's leadership. I know his purpose with Mildred, if you do not. And I know that with this Brigham in power the lives of those whom he may choose to brand as apostates will be worth little. Things are not as they were in this church under Brother Joseph, when virtue and truth and mercy and brotherly charity were daily watchwords. I greatly dislike these whisperings I observe, these grips and signs and oaths, these secret mysteries we feel but cannot grasp. I love the old-time gospel that was open and free as air and sunshine, whether in grove or temple. That was a gospel of simplicity and directness, complete and sufficient in itself. God works not in secret chambers. But already, as we were warned in Ohio, evil is at work, in secret chambers. What, oh, what will come out of this travail?"

"Are you quite done with your sermon?" asked the older brother, caustically.

"Yes, quite done for the present. I seem not to win converts in my own home."

"Perhaps you would take to yourself the statement, 'A prophet is not without honor save in his own country and among his own people,' " gibed the other.

But the younger brother did not reply. He marveled at the change come over his idolized older brother. It cut him to the heart that their old-time tender comradeship should be so strained and perverted.

On the other hand, John was deeply troubled. He had the noble trait of loyalty to a very marked degree. His leaders used this trait to their own purposes, and its very strength and purity betrayed him and bound him. A soldier at heart, he was capable of exacting obedience from those under his charge, and he rendered it too readily to those above him.

His brother's conduct seemed to him perverse, willful; the very spirit of apostasy, treason, and rebellion, which Brigham declared it to be. Was David going over to the enemies of his own people? In that thought he suffered not less than his brother.

Chapter Nineteen

THE WEDDING AND THE FAREWELL

IT WAS a strange spectacle that riveted the attention of David and Mildred as they stood upon the banks of the Mississippi and shivered in the raw winds of February. The banks and the streets leading to the river were crowded with covered wagons, oxen, horses, cattle, and all the impediments of overland travel in those pioneer days.

Lines of boats of every description were plying busily back and forth across the mile and a half of dark waters that separated Nauvoo from the Iowa shore. There were skiffs, flatboats, keel boats, ferryboats, and steamboats—a veritable fleet of water craft.

Men, women, and children were crowding into the smaller boats. Prairie schooners drawn by oxen or horses and followed by cattle and extra draft animals were loaded upon flatboats and others of the larger vessels to be ferried across the Father of Waters and set down on the western shore.

Men were shouting, dogs barking, whistles

sounding, children laughing, women weeping, and at intervals there was the sound of a hymn or a prayer. The exodus had begun.

John Nobleman was in the thickest of the work; and David gave a hand wherever he saw one in distress or in need. In the confusion of departure his attitude was forgotten, and some welcomed his help who a short time before had hated him, believing him to bear the brand of the apostate.

This thing had been going on for some time. And gradually it had become very evident that in the Nobleman home there must soon come an understanding and a definite cleavage. John Nobleman had fully settled in his mind that he would follow the fortunes of Brigham Young. The westward pioneer movement appealed to him powerfully. The appeal was so insistent that he had no feeling left to analyze spiritual matters. David knew that he could not change John.

On the other hand, David Nobleman had carefully analyzed the situation, and guided by his own spiritual directions and the intuitions of his grandfather, he had definitely rejected the leadership of Brigham Young, and was determined to have no part in the recession from the moral and doctrinal standards of the church that

he felt sure was soon to follow, if indeed it had not already begun. John Nobleman knew full well the quiet force of his younger brother's determination. He knew that he could not move him from his decision, yet he hoped that something might yet happen to change his attitude, or that he might in time even be forced to join the exodus.

Thus matters progressed, with frequent clashes and many sad and sober discussions of the situation. The splendid family unity depicted in the opening chapter of this story was shattered. The final decision that Mildred should reach remained a matter of conjecture. She listened sadly to the discussions but did not express her opinion.

On the fifteenth day of February Brigham Young and his leading associates crossed the river to the Iowa side, and on the 17th those who had previously been encamped at Sugar Creek awaiting his arrival broke camp and the westward journey began.

After this date the spirit of John Nobleman became even more restless than formerly. He still assisted the stream of emigrants that continued to flow across the river, now crossing upon the ice, as the weather had become extremely inclement. But while there were powerful forces

calling him to the trail there were strong ties that bound him to Nauvoo.

One of these ties, however, was broken when in the midst of that trying winter the gentle spirit of Grandmother Nobleman took its departure, almost without warning, and without struggle. One moment troubled with fear of the threatening mob violence, which seemed to have cast a shadow over all her life, blind, deaf, bedridden; the next moment she was at peace, free, beyond the violence of man.

They buried her in the old cemetery, happy in the thought that come what might she would not again be driven. This event changed every aspect of the home life, and that fact John Nobleman seemed the first to perceive; at least he was the first to comment upon it.

Turning from the side of the open grave he slipped his arm about the shoulders of the weeping Mildred and led her away. They walked a long time in silence. The girl was sorely distressed by the death of the woman who had come to her rescue in the time of her greatest need.

But as they walked homeward John Nobleman comforted her until her tears ceased to flow, and finally as they entered the home gate, he whispered, in a strained yet eager voice, "Mildred,

do you remember the new name that I gave you that Fourth of July nearly four years ago?"

A flood of rich color sprang into the pale face of the girl. She dropped her head so that he could not see her face, as she answered, "Yes, I have never forgotten it."

"Then repeat it," he insisted, and she did so, with a deepening of color.

"I must talk with you about a serious matter," he continued, "but first I must talk with David." So they parted and he sought his interview with David.

Without waste of words, he came directly to the point. "David," he said, "of late there has come a division of sentiment between us, but still none the less we love each other, and we must continue to play fair with each other. Are you agreed to that?"

"Why, most certainly, brother mine," cried David, his generous spirit springing to meet his brother's advances. "We could never do otherwise. Our differences are differences of the head. We must not let the heart become involved."

But John Nobleman shook his head. "The heart is already involved," he answered. "I told Mildred four years ago that this brother and

sister business would play out some day. Well, it has played out. That's all.

"Grandmother is gone now. There is no other woman in the home. Whatever we may say, Mildred is not our sister. And I for one have no desire to think of her as a sister. And I fear that you are much like myself in that matter. Now this is my proposition: One of us should become more to her than a brother. One of us should be in a position to protect her and shield her from any reproach. If I have surmised correctly, you do not regard her with an affection exactly brotherly. If I am correct, and you are ready to take the more sacred responsibility, well and good. I am then free and can take my departure for the West with a free mind. What do you say, David?"

The face of the younger man had grown pale during this conversation, and now tears gathered in his eyes. He put his hand upon the arm of his bigger and older brother with an affectionate pressure.

"That is like you, John Nobleman," he said. "You would give me every advantage, and quietly slip away. But would it be like me to accept such a sacrifice?"

"Perhaps not," replied the older man; "no,

most certainly not. But then you have been with Mildred constantly for years, while I have been away. I thought at one time that she loved me more than she would naturally love a brother, but all that may have changed during my absence. Quite likely it has changed. She has been with you a great deal, and I have noticed her tender regard for you. It is only natural that it should be so. Come, David, speak to her and have the matter arranged, so that I may be free to go."

Even while the tears welled up in his eyes, laughter ran over his features, as David answered, "Are we not a little presumptuous thus to proffer each other the heart of a maiden? I have heard that such estate is of uncertain tenure at the best. Possibly she will have nothing of either of us excepting as brothers. Or if either, surely she is the one to choose; not you or I. Come, now, if you must have the matter adjusted before the sun goes down, let us both speak to her. It may not be usual for two to go wooing at one and the same time, but all things are unusual in these times and places. We must soon have an understanding. We cannot go on as we are."

"But I do not feel free to speak to her until I

know how you feel towards her," insisted the older brother. "And you have never told me."

"No, I believe that is so," replied David, slowly, "and I am not likely to do so, either. But after all, it does not matter how you feel or how I feel, but how Mildred feels. Her happiness must be the first consideration. Listen to reason, which in this instance surely is all on my side. We are men, and either of us can hide a wounded heart if need be. But Mildred," he seemed to linger lovingly on the name, "Mildred must not suffer. She must be free to choose and her happiness must be our first consideration. Come, let us speak with her."

So it came about that the two brothers sought the foster sister, and David as spokesman placed the matter before her in a few frank words.

"It is a shame, little sister," he concluded, "that events should force us to thrust our attention upon you in this way; two big fellows compelling you to make a choice between us or to reject us both flatly. And I have proposed this plan only because of the situation and because I think that I know some things that Brother John does not know. I think that I know what your choice will be and that it will not be a matter of deciding on the spur of the moment either.

Remember, too, that things cannot go on as they have been in the past; we have reached the turning point. John is determined to go, and I am equally determined to stay; we cannot agree upon our policies in relation to church matters."

The girl dropped her head sadly and said, "David, my head says that you are right. All that you have argued for in regard to the church I believe."

But lifting her head proudly she continued, "But while my head says you are right, my heart is with John Nobleman. Tell me, David dear, what shall I do? What ought I do?"

Every tinge of color seemed to fade from David's face, leaving it marble white. He removed his hat and ran his hand over his brow, suddenly grown cold. He looked at her steadily a long time, and then answered, "Do not ask me what you *should* do. Ask me what you *will* do."

"Well?"

"You will follow your heart. Perhaps that is what you should do. You are a woman. But I am a man, and I must follow my head."

"Your head is a stubborn head, David," said John.

A fleeting smile crossed David's face. "We are

then two of a kind well met," he replied. "You will remember grandfather used to say of you, 'There are two ways to do everything. One way is John's way, the other way is the wrong way.'

The girl went to David and, drawing his head down to her, kissed his forehead and said, "You have been the best, the noblest brother a girl ever had. I love you dearly, David, but I must go with John." And with heightening color she ran to John Nobleman and sought refuge in his arms.

But in a moment anxiety eclipsed her joy. "What will become of you and grandfather?" she asked anxiously. "We cannot leave you."

"We shall do very well," replied David, with assumed carelessness. "We can get on very nicely with such help as I can secure. It will take a long time for the Saints to leave Nauvoo, all of them. They cannot possibly all get away much inside of a year. Surely the efforts they are making to leave will satisfy the mob. If not, and the worst comes to the worst, and the city is sacked, I will take grandfather up or down the river to a place of safety. Sometime we may come to an agreement again and come together once more. But I am determined to stay by Nau-

voo to the last. But your place, Mildred, is with your chosen companion."

. . . . . .

The wedding day was also the day of farewell. At the appointed hour, the two stood up quietly before David, with French LaBarron and William Nobleman as witnesses, and David Nobleman said the church service that made them husband and wife.

But ere he did this, in a manner that was most impressive, despite the simple surroundings, charged as it was by the prophetic influence of the Holy Spirit, he said, "John Nobleman, I give you this most solemn charge: The daughter of this home is about to go from under the roof that has sheltered her heretofore. All of us here together as a family have lavished upon her our tenderest love. All together we have given her our protection. But now she elects to pass entirely into your care and under your protection.

"My charge as I give her into your hand is that you shall ever be worthy of the trust thus reposed in you. You are about to pledge yourself to keep yourself for her and from all others. To paraphrase Paul, Though we or any other man, or even an angel from other regions, try to induce you to enter into some other marriage covenant,

let him be accursed. And if you should prove untrue to this covenant on which the church sets its seal, you, John Nobleman, shall most certainly be accursed. Remember this in the land whither thou goest; and in the day when this church covenant, which means that they two shall be one flesh, shall be lightly spoken of, remember thou this day and this charge; for it is written in the church books, 'Thou shalt love thy wife with all thy heart, and shall cleave unto her and none else.' "

Thus the foster sister, who had become the sweetheart, became a wife. What David's feelings were no one present could even surmise.

French LaBarron and John had fitted up an emigrant wagon, well-covered, and stocked with provisions. This was drawn by an ox team, and French LaBarron was the driver. The girl came down the walk to join her husband when they were quite ready to make their start.

But the joyous light on her face clouded suddenly and a swift gush of tears came to her eyes. She ran back up the gravel walk and into the old home. She went from room to room looking tenderly at each familiar object. Then she ran

out into the rose garden and falling on her knees in the snow under the maple tree prayed silently for a moment.

She came back, and apparently having mastered her feelings, she kissed David and her grandfather again. Then she climbed to her place in the big wagon seat at the front. John Nobleman mounted Thunderbolt. French LaBarron cracked the big ox whip, and they were off. But now it was John's turn to come back for a moment. Without a word he pressed a packet into David's hand. When David opened it later he discovered it to be the miniature.

French LaBarron drove the outfit down to the river, where they were joined by a half dozen other wagons and all struck out over the ice towards the Iowa shore. A cold north wind was blowing and white flurries of snow beat about them as they journeyed. Was there ever such another wedding journey? Yet such is the power of youth and love that soon melancholy and the pain of parting melted away and the two young people looked with eager eyes towards the strange and unguessed adventures that lay before them in the wilderness.

John urged Thunderbolt alongside the big

wagon and, leaning far over, put his arm about the shoulders of his young wife and whispered into her ear the new name that he had given her so long before.

"Is it a good name?" he asked.

She nodded vigorously, and answered, "The very best in the world, John. The only name that could call me away from my home upon such a journey."

A little shadow crossed his face. "You are risking a great deal for me," he said. "You are facing hardships unknown and dangers that we cannot even guess. And you are going rather against your convictions, too. But I promise you, Mildred, that I will always be true to you and no one shall ever come between us while the world stands. My life shall be your protection. So help me God. Amen."

On the lonely, wind-swept point, known as David's Lookout, stood a solitary figure, watching the emigrant train. Now they were obscured by the flying snow, again they emerged sharply revealed against the icy highway. But at last they had crossed the mighty stream, wrapped in its winter sleep, and disappeared among the

trees on the further shore. Then the solitary watcher turned and descended the hill, his shoulders slightly stooped as though under a recently assumed burden. But as he walked he sang:

"My times are in thy hand:
My God! I wish them there;
My life, my friends, my soul, I leave
Entirely to thy care."

THE EXPULSION FROM NAUVOO

Chapter Twenty

CLOSING SCENES

THE autumn of 1846 drew on apace, and more than equinoxial storms portended.

September 10 a body of armed men one thousand in number was encampel at Hunter's farm, just a little way out of the city, with artillery, wagons, and other military equipage. At the head of this force was one Thomas Brockman, thus described by Governor Ford in his history of Illinois: "This Brockman was a Campbellite preacher, nominally belonging to the Democratic Party. He was a large, awkward, uncouth, ignorant semibarbarian, ambitious of office, and bent upon acquiring notoriety. He had been county commissioner of Brown County, and in that capacity had let out a contract for building the courthouse, and it was afterwards ascertained had let the contract to himself. He managed to get paid in advance, and then built such an inferior building, that the county had not received it up to December, 1846. He had also been a collector of taxes, for which he was a defaulter, and his lands were sold whilst I was gov-

ernor, to pay a judgment obtained against him for moneys collected by him."

Opposed to this body of invaders was a small force of men left in the city. But these under command of Colonels Daniel Wells and William Cutler took a position on the edge of a wood in the suburbs of Nauvoo, to the east of the once peaceful city.

A deputation of citizens from Quincy visited the camp of the besiegers, begging them to have mercy on the Saints, but without avail. Perceiving that their plea fell upon deaf ears and stony hearts they withdrew, and the attack began immediately with a bombardment from a battery of six-pounders. Nothing was accomplished that day, and at sunrise the next morning the enemy changed position, intending to take the city by storm.

They were held in check by Captain Anderson and his son, a lad of sixteen, with a company of thirty-five men, known as the "Spartan Band." The enemy had recourse to grapeshot, forcing the embattled Spartan Band to retire out of range; but darkness again put an end to the struggle.

The morning of September 12 dawned upon a city in distress. As David took his way up town,

at intervals he paused or turned aside to enter some home where he knew there were sick or unfortunate people to whom he might administer. More than one blessed him for a kindness as he passed.

Reaching the temple he entered it and climbed to one of the tower rooms to take an observation. As he looked over the peaceful landscape and the broad, shining river, he could scarcely believe that tragedy haunted every street, that armed foemen were pressing upon them from the rear of the city and that stationed across the river were bands of desperate men flaunting the red flag, and eager to massacre any who might seek to escape in that way.

Yet to the east as he looked, among green trees and open fields, he saw lines of men maneuvering and he knew that there was to be another attack. There seemed little hope that any would escape. Bidding the watchman in the tower farewell, he hastened to the street again and sought the place where the "Spartan Band" had been located.

He found them in position. As he approached, Captain Anderson offered him a rifle, but he put his hands behind him and shook his head: "It is useless," he said. And lifting his head in a char-

acteristic manner, he added, "You fight men, but I am come to fight for men."

Anderson tapped the stock of his rifle, and waving a hand towards the temple said, "I shall die to-day for the holy sanctuary."

"Possibly so," answered David. "We both fight for the temple, each in his own way; you for the temple of stone, I for the living temple. You men will do well to surrender, whatever the terms may be, rather than to shed blood. Christ gave himself up to die; can we do less? He endured the cross; shall we resist it?"

"Terms," replied Anderson; "there are no terms. Brockman, the preacher, whose Campbellite texts we heard whistle in our ears yesterday, demands unconditional surrender. I have replied that we will not surrender. We are fighting for our homes and wives and children. We have a right to defend ourselves! It is nature's first law. Remember Haun's Mill!"

Soon David heard again the rattle of firearms and the crash of six pounders, punctuated by the yells of the attacking force. He smelled the acrid smoke of gunpowder.

The besiegers were approaching the main body of the defenders, who were posted behind barricades some distance from Anderson's small com-

mand. But when they had come within rifle range Brockman's men suddenly wheeled to the south, thinking to outflank the defenders and gain possession of the temple square.

Anderson had anticipated this move, and leading his men at double quick, confronted them, opening fire with revolving rifles. A furious exchange of shots ensued for an hour and a half, and in the end the attacking force withdrew to their camp.

David assisted the wounded as best he could, bandaging their hurts, and bringing them water and medicine. As though detached from his surroundings, he heard the bullets whistle about his head without conscious feeling of concern. He was in the battle but not of it.

Among those who fell were Captain Anderson and his son, the former dying, as he had predicted, in defense of the temple.

A member of the "Spartan Band" who helped David carry the dying man to the rear, muttered, "One of preacher Brockman's Campbellite texts did that!"

But David silenced him: "Do not refer to his church membership," he said. "Without doubt the time will come when his own people will be most heartily ashamed of him, for after all we

are not driven from our homes or killed in accordance with law, but rather in violation of law."

David spent the entire night in comforting frightened and sorrowing women and children, caring for the sick and wounded, and fortifying his heart with prayer against the morrow, for the destruction of the city and the murder of her inhabitants, or whatever fate might befall them.

"How very fortunate," he soliloquized, "that Grandfather Nobleman went to his rest ere things came to this pass. He sleeps now by the side of his companion. No hostile shot can affright their ears. They are beyond the power of man's hatred to do them further violence. How swift and sure a barrier death erects before man's enmity. Thus far and no farther can they go."

He had loved the city and her ideals and the people, and at times his spirit was almost crucified within him at the ruin and wreck so imminent; but again a feeling of serene peace would come upon him, counseling him to be of good cheer, that in due time God would again reveal his hand to the establishing of his people.

The next day was Sunday and the battle was not renewed. It was now evident that the few remaining Saints could not be either massacred or driven out excepting at a price that the mob-

bers hesitated to pay. Accordingly a committee of one hundred was sent to the city to negotiate terms, and on a promise that they would be protected, the inhabitants agreed to lay down their arms and immediately cross the river.

The invaders then made their triumphal entry, Brockman, the preacher, at their head. But no sooner had they entered than they forgot the promise that they had made. Homes were broken open and robbed of every article of value. The sick were driven from their beds and turned out of doors at the point of the bayonet. Even the rights of the dead were violated, and burial parties broken up. At the temple the wildest scenes of debauchery took place. Where song and prayer had been heard of old, now were oaths and obscene shoutings.

Burying their dead, bundling together such poor possessions as they could take with them, carrying their sick and wounded as best they could, the remnant of the Saints left their homes, their beautiful city, and under cover of the rifles of their despoilers crossed the river to camp miserably among the reeds and rushes. By the 17th, the exodus was completed, and the enemy was at last in undisputed possession of the city that they had neither builded nor purchased. Such a

strange exodus has seldom elsewhere been recorded in history.

After David had assisted all that he could; after he had helped the last boat to shove off, almost unnoticed and unmolested, he took his way homeward.

It is true, one drunken guard armed with a musket and bayonet stopped him with the challenge, "Are you a damned Mormon?"

David looked at him a moment, and one of his old-time smiles crossed his sad face fleetingly, as he answered, "No, I hope not." He waited to be interrogated further, but the guard was attracted to other matters. His comrades fortunately seemed busy at other places, and so the young man passed on to his home. He found that it had not as yet been violated.

He passed from room to room of the deserted house, now so silent, yet seemingly haunted by memories of the past and spirits of those gone on. He passed out, closing the door, not knowing who might next enter, or what alien might soon shelter under its rooftree, warm by its big fireplace, read, perhaps deface, the dear books in its library.

He passed to the rose garden, now disheveled in autumn disarray, like his youthful hopes,

dreams, loves. Blight and frost and canker seemed to have fallen upon all. He stood under the maple tree where he had so blithely worked with oils and paints upon the miniature.

Leaving the garden, he took his way to the secluded woodland cloister that Mildred had named Prince David's Chambers. Here, too, he found no peace. The waterfall was summer dried. The ground was littered with falling leaves. Romance had fled away—youth seemed gone. Love had eluded him.

He took his way down the ravine to the river front and sat down upon a bowlder. He was a tragic figure, sitting there alone, apparently lost in reverie.

The sun went down and darkness fell, but he seemed not to notice the change. At times the moon shone forth between dark clouds, revealing the black and swirling waters of the great stream, as melancholy a spectacle as one might imagine.

Only at the sound of revelry did the lonely watcher by the river stir and lift his head. Armed men were encamped in and about the temple on the hill, surrounded by their stacked musketry and heavy ordnance. There men were now engaged in a wild and drunken orgy. Even at that distance, on the still night air he could hear their

yells and jeers, oath-laden exclamations and ribald songs.

At times in sheer excess of cruelty, it seemed to him, some would climb to the belfry and whoop and shriek or beat upon a drum, ringing in the meantime a steamboat bell that they had carried up for that purpose.

The lonely listener started to his feet, a look of pain upon his face. "Truly the Devil has fully entered in," he whispered to himself. "No wonder that in the recent storm a lightning stroke smote the belfry of the temple. Satan was putting his mark upon it ere these came in. Yet it must be that the Saints first erred or he could not have thus entered in."

Presently he became conscious of the measured strokes of a paddle and perceived a canoe approaching. It came directly towards him, and landed at his very feet. Whether propelled by friend or foe he could not guess.

But the occupant stepped ashore, and drawing the canoe upon the bank, approached him. At that instant the moon shone forth and he recognized old Kis-Kish-Kee.

"You need me? I come!" said the latter, sententiously. "You come with me. I take you up river to safe place."

"Yes, Kis-Kish-Kee, I need you," the young man replied. "I will go. I am tired. There is nothing to keep me here longer."

The two stepped into the canoe and shoved off without another word. They did not look back. The hideous revelry at the desecrated temple was their farewell. A patrol at the landing spied them and fired a few shots when they did not heed the command to halt. But the young man sat wearily in the stern of the boat and the Indian paddled stoically in the prow, and so they quickly passed out of range. They took their silent course up the river, threading their way among the islands.

At last the young man aroused himself, and ere they passed from sight of the few twinkling lights of the city, he said, "Farewell, Nauvoo! Farewell! I go, but I shall return. The temple of stone without doubt will fall in ruins, or perish by fire, thus being purged of the evil presences that now inhabit it. But by and by we shall erect again the living spiritual temple.

"Farewell, Nauvoo! Farewell! Rest as best you may under the curse that has come upon you. May God forgive your enemies who truly know not what they do, and whose children shall yet condemn them for that which they have done.

May God forgive the follies of your people and recall their virtues and sacrifices and in due time be pleased to cause his gospel to shine forth again and his church to be reassembled and reorganized.

"Farewell, Nauvoo! Peace be to the ashes of your dead. Compassion be over the heads of exiles; and may the honest in heart among them be led back again, perhaps not to Nauvoo, but to the truth and to the beautiful city of the new Jerusalem."

From an unprejudiced observer we have a rather wonderful account of some of the scenes mentioned in this chapter. Colonel Thomas Kane visited Nauvoo in September, 1844, and described that which he saw, his account appearing in Smucker's History. This chapter cannot better close than with with his words:

"I was descending the last hillside upon my journey, when a landscape in delightful contrast broke upon my view. Half encircled by a bend of the river, a beautiful city lay glittering in the fresh morning sun; its bright, new dwellings, set in cool, green gardens, ranging up around a stately dome-shaped hill, which was crowned by a noble marble edifice, whose high, tapering spire was radiant with white and gold. The city ap-

peared to cover several miles; and beyond it, in the background, there rolled off a fair country, chequered by the careful lines of fruitful husbandry. The unmistakable marks of industry, enterprise, and educated wealth everywhere, made the scene one of singular and most striking beauty.

"It was a natural impulse to visit this inviting region. I procured a skiff, and rowing across the river, landed at the chief wharf of the city. No one met me there. I looked, and saw no one. I could hear no one move; though the quiet everywhere was such that I heard the flies buzz, and the water ripples break against the shallow of the beach. I walked through the solitary streets. The town lay as in a dream under some deadening spell of loneliness, from which I almost feared to wake it; for plainly it had not slept long. There was no grass growing up in the paved ways; rains had not entirely washed away the prints of dusty footsteps.

"Yet I went about unchecked. I went into empty workshops, ropewalks, and smithies. The spinner's wheel was idle; the carpenter had gone from his workbench and shavings, his unfinished sash and casing; fresh bark was in the tanner's vat, and the fresh chopped lightwood stood piled

against the baker's oven. The blacksmith's shop was cold; but his coal heap, and ladling pool, and crooked water horn, were all there, as if he had just gone off for a holiday. No work people anywhere looked to know my errand. If I went into the gardens, clinking the wicket latch loudly after me, to pull the marigolds, heart's-ease, and ladyslippers, and draw a drink with the water-sodden well bucket and its noisy chain; or, knocking off with my stick the tall, heavy-headed dahlias and sunflowers, hunted over the beds for cucumbers and love apples, [tomatoes] no one called out to me from any opened window, or dog sprang forward to bark and alarm. I could have supposed the people hidden in the houses, but the doors were unfastened; and when at last I timidly entered them, I found dead ashes white upon the hearths, and had to tread a-tiptoe, as if walking down the aisle of a country church, to avoid rousing irreverent echoes from the naked floors. . . .

"Only two portions of the city seemed to suggest the import of this mysterious solitude. On the southern suburb, the houses looking out upon the country showed, by their splintered woodwork and walls battered to the foundation, that they had lately been the mark of a destructive

cannonade. And in and around the splendid temple, which had been the chief object of my admiration, armed men were barracked, surrounded by their stacks of musketry and pieces of heavy ordnance. These challenged me to render an account of myself, and why I had had the temerity to cross the water without a written permit from a leader of their band.

"Though these men were generally more or less under the influence of ardent spirits, after I had explained myself as a passing stranger, they seemed anxious to gain my good opinion. They told the story of the Dead City; that it had been a notable manufacturing and commercial mart, sheltering over twenty thousand persons; that they had waged war with its inhabitants for several years, and had been finally successful, only a few days before my visit, in an action fought in front of the ruined suburb; after which they had driven them forth at the point of the sword. The defense, they said, had been obstinate, but gave way on the third day's bombardment. They boasted greatly of their prowess, especially in this battle, as they called it; but I discovered that they were not of one mind as to certain of the exploits that had distinguished it; one of which, as I remember, was, that they had slain a father

and his son, a boy of fifteen, not long residents of the fated city, whom they admitted to have borne a character without reproach. . . .

"They permitted me also to ascend into the steeple, to see where it had been lightning-struck on the Sabbath before; and to look out, east and south, on wasted farms like those I had seen near the city, extending till they were lost in the distance. Here, in the face of the pure day, close to the scar of the Divine wrath left by the thunderbolt, were fragments of food, cruses of liquor, and broken drinking vessels, with a brass drum and a steamboat signal bell, of which I afterwards learned the use with pain.

"It was after nightfall, when I was ready to cross the river on my return. The wind had freshened since the sunset, and the water beating roughly into my little boat, I hedged higher up the stream than the point I had left in the morning, and landed where a faint glimmering light invited me to steer.

"Here, among the dock and rushes, sheltered only by the darkness, without roof between them and sky, I came upon a crowd of several hundred human creatures, whom my movements roused from uneasy slumber upon the ground. . . .

"Dreadful, indeed, was the suffering of these

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forsaken beings; bowed and cramped by cold and sunburn, alternating as each weary day and night dragged on, they were, almost all of them, the crippled victims of disease. They were there because they had no homes, nor hospital, nor poorhouse, nor friends to offer them any. They could not satisfy the feeble cravings of their sick; they had not bread to quiet the fractious hunger-cries of their children. Mothers and babes, daughters, and grandparents, all of them alike, were bivouacked in tatters, wanting even covering to comfort those whom the sick shiver of fever was searching to the marrow.

"These were Mormons, in Lee County, Iowa, in the fourth week of the month of September, in the year of our Lord 1846. The city—it was Nauvoo, Illinois. The Mormons were the owners of that city and the smiling country around. And those who had stopped their plows, who had silenced their hammers, their axes, their shuttles, and their workshop wheels; those who had put out their fires, who had eaten their food, spoiled their orchards, and trampled under foot their thousands of acres of unharvested bread; these were the keepers of their dwellings, the carousers in their temple, whose drunken riot insulted the ears of the dying.

"I think it was as I turned from the wretched nightwatch of which I have spoken, that I first listened to the sounds of revel of a party of the guard within the city. Above the distant hum of voices of many, occasionally rose distinct the loud oath-tainted exclamation, and the falsely intonated scrap of vulgar song; but lest this requiem should go unheeded, every now and then, when their boisterous orgies strove to attain a sort of ecstatic climax, a cruel spirit of insulting frolic carried some of them up into the high belfry of the temple steeple, and there, with the wicked childishness of inebriates, they whooped, and shrieked, and beat the drum that I had seen, and rang in charivaric unison their loud-tongued steamboat bell."

Chapter Twenty-One

GLAD TIDINGS

TWO people, a man and a woman, walked the streets of Nauvoo, noting the changes that years had wrought. The beauty of the excellent city was marred and her crown was gone, for the hill no longer bore the wonderful temple that had been at once the city's adornment and her symbol of holiness.

Yes, the temple had been burned by fire, and afterwards the hurricanes had smitten the ruined walls, dashing them down in awful confusion, leaving but three pillars to furnish the poet his theme:

> "Joseph, Alexander, David, three remaining pillars still;
> Like the three remaining pillars of the temple on the hill."

And in the ruins men had quarried, building from these rocks hewn with such care for sacred purposes, other buildings unhallowed.

As these two walked about they noticed the marks of ruin and of former greatness. They saw many crumbling walls and foundations where, by fire or violence or neglect, homes had been destroyed. There were also many fine brick

buildings still standing, some of them unoccupied. Streets once well kept were overgrown with grass and weeds, and the tinkle of cow bells saluted their ears, for cattle grazed in the quiet lanes where formerly thousands thronged.

The air that once pulsed with the thrilling strains of that noble hymn, "The Spirit of God like a fire is burning," now seemed saddened and melancholy and the breezes wandering over hill and valley seemed seeking for some token, some remembrance of those other days. The old cemetery was overgrown and the two could not locate the graves of William Nobleman and his wife.

And yet the two wanderers from the past found something to challenge their admiration. The beauties of nature remained to justify the taste of those who had selected this site for beautiful Nauvoo. The river had lost none of its majesty. The terraced slopes of the hill were still lovely. And on these terraces were many vineyards planted by French colonists who had succeeded the exiled founders of the city, and by thrifty German settlers who had come still later. From these vineyards arose the fragrant aroma of ripening grapes. And many grape wagons were even now proceeding heavily laden to the wine presses.

As the noon hour drew on the two visitors secured from a German vine grower a basket of grapes and at another place a basket of big yellow peaches. From a little store on the hill they purchased a loaf of bread and some butter. They took their way down the quiet streets to the river front, past the old Mansion House and the Homestead. The woman spread out their lunch, and here they ate, under an oak tree at the foot of Main Street at the water's edge, the while talking in subdued tones or silently watching the sweep of the majestic river.

The lunch finished, the woman gave the generous remnants of their meal to some barefoot boys who played in the water close at hand, watching with curious eyes the two strange visitors. Then while she sought for carnelians among the sand and pebbles on the beach, the man took pencil and tablet from the portfolio that he carried, and composed himself to write—a letter, evidently. By the courtesy of the story writer you are permitted to read that which he wrote:

"*Dear Brother John:* Lift up your head and rejoice, brother mine. I have good news for you. I am doubly laden with blessings so that my cup

runneth over. The spilled drops of my joy anoint this letter.

"It seems so long ago, John, when I left Nauvoo a city of sorrows and came away by night with old Kis-Kish-Kee. Let me see—it is fifteen years—for it is again autumn, but now it is 1861. Some of those years have been very sad. We call the time now past the 'Dark and cloudy day.' To you I do not need to recount the ignoble history of those who journeyed westward to Utah.

"You know full well the great apostasy and shame that developed under Brigham Young. You know now without doubt the nature of the proposition he would have made to our foster sister Mildred, now your wife, the mother of your children.

"It was even as our aged grandfather with prescient spirit saw 'twould be. I rejoice that I did not follow that strange procession westward—not that I escaped their misery en route, for it would I have gladly shared and alleviated—but that I escaped their shame and ensnarement in that great mirage of the desert, the false Zion by the Salt Dead Sea in Utah.

"And I rejoice equally that you who elected to go with them turned from them on the day when

Brigham Young first publicly announced his doctrine of polygamy, at the fall conference of 1852.

"You were a man, John. I knew it all the time. At the risk of your life you repudiated that doctrine and with Mildred came out of Utah with great hardship and danger.

"Again we are one in heart, thank God—brothers undivided. From your letters I am sure you will accept the message that I am about to divulge.

"More than once have I been back to old Nauvoo and walked her semideserted streets, for she is not as she was. I have agonized there over the past, and watered the graves of the Martyrs with my tears, till it seemed I might swell the flood of Mississippi. And I have come away obsessed with every blue demon of melancholy and despair.

" I have stood in the wailing place of the Saints.

"I have beat my brows against the gates of the past, but they will not open.

"But now I press forward like Paul and look into the future. The past we cannot reconstruct, revive, alter, or by debate change in jot or tittle. 'Tis sealed with God's seal, done under

his hand, and filed in the vaults of immutable eternity. But the future is ours.

"Now for my double blessings. There runs a golden thread of love through every human document. Know this, brother: for many years I loved a miniature done on ivory by an idealistic lad who worked in a rose garden—dear rose garden now trampled out by alien feet, still fragrant in three hearts.

"I love the miniature, having lost the original, giving her into your most worthy care with my own hand. I can write it now—then you sought my confession vainly.

"But there came a woman whose smile healed my heart, whose voice drove all melancholy from my brain—*a woman,* yes, *the* woman. We are happy. Not more happy the angels in heaven.

"But to my other tidings, my tidings universal, my tidings of great joy.

"God is moving again, most wonderfully. The church is reorganized. The scattered ones who would not go westward and who repudiated evil teachings have come together on the old true platform.

"And at Amboy, on the 6th day of April, 1860, 'Young Joseph,' as he is called, the son of that Joseph who was so cruelly slain at Carthage,

took his place as president and prophet of the church. You will remember that we ourselves were present in the bowery in Nauvoo when his father told all the congregation that he should so occupy.

"Listen: From the old city of Nauvoo, on July 19, of this very summer he sent forth a general epistle, truly prophetic and wonderful in nature. I will quote from it:

" '*To All the Scattered Saints;* In view of the many reports now in circulation, and to show to all the scattered Latter Day Saints that I am a true son of a true father, I, Joseph Smith, President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, this, my first General Epistle to the membership of said church scattered in all the land, send greeting. . . .

" 'I would not that men should hastily run without tidings, nor do I ask that any should place the stake of their salvation upon an earthly arm. "Cursed is he that putteth his trust in man, and maketh flesh his arm." I ask and desire that all may place their stake of salvation upon the author and finisher of our faith—upon the promises and principles of the gospel, pure as preached from the Savior's lips, for in him was

no guile, and in his teachings there was no deceit.

" 'In the name of the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob, I now call upon all the scattered Saints, upon all the broad earth, to rise and shake off the sleep that hath bound them these many years, take on the armor of the just, calling on the name of the Lord for help, and unite once more for the emancipation of the honest in heart from the power of false doctrines and the shackles of sin.

" 'In the name of bleeding Zion, I call upon all those who have been wandering in by and forbidden paths, and have been led astray by wicked and designing men, to turn from their scenes of wickedness and sins of convenience, to turn from their servitude to Satan, in all his seductive devices; from vice in every phase, and from the labor of sin, the wages whereof are ever death, unto their true and delightsome allegiance to the principles of the gospel of peace, to the paths of wisdom, to the homage of that God that brought the children of Israel out of bondage; to turn and remember the new covenant, even the Book of Mormon; to lay hold anew upon the rod of iron which surely leads to the tree of life; to remember that those who live to the Lord keep his

commandments, and that the promises are unto the faithful, and the reward unto those that endure to the end.

" 'And in the name of the Lord of hosts, I call upon all the inhabitants of the earth to repent, believe, and be baptized, for the time cometh when the judgments of God are to be poured out upon all nations, and the besom of God's wrath shall smoke through the land; when men shall know that there is a God in Israel, and he is mighty to punish or to save; that the prayers of those under the altar have been heard, and a swift retribution is to come, when the despoiler will be despoiled; when those who denied justice shall be judged, and the measure meted unto others shall be meted unto them; when the prisoner shall go free, the oppressed be redeemed, and all Israel shall cry, "Glory to God in the highest be given, for he that is long-suffering and slow to anger, has arisen, and shall bring again Zion." Amen and amen. " 'JOSEPH SMITH.

" '*President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints.*' "

"Has not that the right ring? The Saints are flocking back to the truth. Those who still abide in error shall suffer loss. But thousands will heed the call.

"Now we can get to work again preparing timbers for the temple, living timbers, men and women, spiritual temples.

"This is the first work. We must build the spiritual temple aright and on a true foundation first. For this is the order of creation.

"Then in due time we may erect our temples of wood or stone, at Nauvoo or Independence, for the Saints will surely gather back—Zion shall not be moved out of her place, is the promise, and those who remain and are faithful shall return, they and their children, with songs of everlasting joy, to build up the waste places.

"Come thou with me and help again to prepare timbers for God's temple against the coming of the Son of man in clouds of glory!

"DAVID NOBLEMAN."

. . . . . .

When the man had finished writing he put the pencil and tablet into the portfolio and looked up to find the woman standing behind him. She stooped down and patted him gently on the cheek, whispering, "Dear old David." Their eyes met with that perfect understanding that betokens absolute unity. He caught her hand

in his and gave it the three quick pressures that meant in their code, "I love you."

He stood up, tall, slender, handsome, a little older, yet the same David Nobleman that we knew of old. They climbed the slope and turned into the yard of the Old Homestead. Under the green locust trees and the "haven trees" they paused, as nearly as they could determine by the unmarked graves of Joseph and Hyrum Smith. They stood silently for a few moments with bowed heads, and then the man sang softly:

"'I came to the spot where the two martyrs lay,
And pensively stood by their tomb,
When in a low whisper I heard something say,
'How sweetly we sleep here alone!

"'The tempest may rage and the loud thunders roll,
And gathering storms may arise,
Yet calm are our feelings, at rest are our souls,
The tears are all wiped from our eyes.

"'We wandered as exiles and pilgrims below,
To publish salvation abroad;
The trump of the gospel endeavored to blow,
Preparing a people for God.

"'Go tell our companions and brethren most dear,
To weep not for Joseph, though gone;
Nor Hyrum, for Jesus through scenes dark and drear,
Has kindly conducted us home.'

"I wept for the church, for her prophet was slain,
And I felt that deceivers were near,
Who would lead her from precepts of virtue so plain,
Once taught her by Joseph the Seer.

"But anguish gives place to a fullness of joy,
Revived are the hopes that were slain;
From th' seed of the Martyr, called by the Most High,
Comes a prophet to lead us again."

They turned away, and slowly, as in a dream, they walked as those walk who have forgotten the present and all earthly things and journey into the past among the spirits of the departed. They climbed the hill again and came to David's Lookout. "I particularly wanted you to see this place," said the man.

They stood for a long time looking at the magnificent panorama spread out at their feet. It was quite evident that the man had again lost himself to the present world. But finally the woman touched his arm, bringing him from his reverie, as she said, "We must go now, David, or we shall miss the ferry."

He turned abstractedly, and came slowly out of his daydreams. They smiled again into each other's eyes in perfect understanding and sympathy, and with a farewell glance at the untempled hill behind them, took their departure.